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EDWARD HUNTER.



P O E M S

AND

LEGENDARY BALLADS.

PART FIRST.

—The verse adorn again,
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And truth severe,—

GRAY.

ALNWICK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY J. GRAHAM, FENKLE-STREET,
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1827.



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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,
CHARLES,
EARL GREY,

MY LORD,

The respect and admiration I feel, in common with the great mass of the British People, for your Lordship's incorruptible Integrity and genuine Patriotism, as a Statesman, and friend of Civil and Religious Liberty, having long ago settled into that reverence, which Virtue inspires, render it unnecessary, even for a Poet in his first Dedication, to extol a name, consecrated in the History of the Country as synonymous with every thing that is noble, dignified, and amiable, in the public and private character of life!

It may be deemed, however, by many, the height of presumption, in an obscure individual,—whose pretensions to the propriety of giving a public opinion are founded on a few Rhymes, which he has had the vanity to publish,—to speak such language,—but vanity, as has often been observed, and Poets are inseparable. To have offered a silent Dedication would have been unworthy of Ambition:—to say more might throw a suspicion over the sincerity of the heart, without which, the offering, however humble, could not be acceptable. I have no learning, My Lord, to grace the address with classical allusions. I offer these trifles to your notice, on their merit alone, embracing the privilege, Minstrels, in all ages,

have enjoyed, of seeking Patrons in the exalted characters of their Nation.

But Public opinion is the correct standard of all human pretensions to excellence; and excellence in Poetry is only by comparison. It is superfluous to remind your Lordship, that the sketches of a student in the art ought not to be tried by the severer rules of criticism; and I admit, with humility, that in the prosecution of it, where great promise is not exhibited, encouragement ought to be withheld. But to challenge a hearing at the awful bar of the Public, is in the choice of Genius, and can never be disgraceful, even although attended with failure. To create a book of Poetry is no great achievement. But your Lordship's goodness and condescension in permitting me to grace the 'first attempt' with a Name, which, the proudest Bard of the age would be proud to acknowledge, is an honour beyond my most sanguine expectation, and which, whatever be the fate of the verses, will cheer that prospective dependence which Fortune ever spreads on the path of the 'lower orders' who become Pilgrims to Parnassus—after she has, by the fascination of the 'Light from Heaven,' enticed them on the perilous adventure.

I have the Honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's much obliged,

And most Humble Servant,

WILLIAM STUART.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN the Critic first opens a new volume of Poems, he throws a glance over the Title-page and table of Contents, and knows from professional experience, by the peculiar structure of the mass, whether by submitting it to the wheel of Criticism, he can obtain any portion, without a flaw, worthy of being set as an ornament of taste. If the inspection is favourable, he next peruses the Preface, to observe who the Author is,—what are his pretensions in life,—and the extent of his expectations, on his getting admittance into the Hall of Literature, and after having satisfied his curiosity, commences his dissection for the good of the Public.

Impressed with a sense of the truth of this, after I had sent the last MS. to the Press, and felt relieved, for the first time, during two long months, from the horror and fear of the ‘ Devil,’* who had daily invaded the precincts of my humble dwelling, with the ominous cry of ‘ more Copy,’ a memento more awful than the warning of Saladin. I sat down to write something that might entice the Learned to peruse my lucubrations before they condemned them, which, in provincial simplicity, I thought to be the easiest part of my labours; but what was the mortification, after numerous efforts, to find, that to be a graceful egotist,—to propitiate the Reader,—and deceive Criticism, in a few sentences, is, perhaps, one of the most difficult tasks in the whole art of composition.

Truth, indeed, held up her Mirror of Reason, and shewed by its reflection, that to be impressive and authoritative, without learning,—concise and elegant without taste,—humble and artless without affectation, are next to impossible, in a Poet.

* *Typo-diabolus.—Printer’s Devil.*

Prudence therefore suggested, that the better way would be to offer the following sketches to the Public, relying on notice being taken of them if they were found worthy of it, and to return thanks to the Subscribers and general Readers for a perusal, which is the best method to ascertain whether the compositions deserve encouragement.

EDWARD ST. ALBINE;

OR,

THE PLEASURES OF GRATITUDE,

A ROMAUNT.

CANTO FIRST.

THE
PLEASURES OF GRATITUDE,
A ROMAUNT.

I.

O THOU ! whose doric lyre, so wild and sweet,
Hangs sacred o'er the Muse's willowed spring,
By Genius crown'd immortal ! is it meet,
The chord thou whilom struck, no more shall ring ?
Shall Scotia's maidens now forget to sing
Thy Melodies, in Nature's artless flow ?
Shall native flow'rets wither on the string
Of Coila's fav'rite Bard, now mould'ring low,
Which taught the lover's strain with fire divine to
glow.

II.

When aged Spring, her progeny to bless,
Calls Love and Gratitude her throne around ;
And Health and Hope, in Summer's flow'ry dress,
Welcome fair May with beltane garland crown'd ;
Then, who shall defly blow the heavenly sound
That oft has thrill'd to Pleasure's inmost core :
When thy wild Harp, loved Bard ! Neglect has
bound,
Shall Saxon measures boast the wreath it wore—
But not till then thy song shall cease on Scotia's shore.

III.

When modest Summer roams the fragrant wild,
To pull the firstling rose-bud from the briar ;
And deck her breast with Love's fair emblem child,
And kiss from off its bloom the morning's tear ;
How sweet the shepherd's hautboy, soft and clear,
Awakens Echo ; low in Yarrow's dell !
Enraptured still ! she, lingering, stops to hear
Thy song ; though all unclassic, rude, the spell
Was never sweeter heard in Learning's gloomy cell.

IV.

See mellow Autumn, busy 'midst her spoil,
Health in her cheek, and Pleasure in her eye!
Labour is led a captive by her smile;
From rig to rig the laugh and banter fly;
Her soul inspired by Plenty beams with joy;
Life's currents dance with youth's extatic glow.
To Home returned, she throws her single by,
And hastes to revelry in barns arow.

Toil springs up light of heart when music draws her
bow.

V.

But chief when Winter steers his social bowl,
And round flies wit divine on wing of fire;
When social Friendship opens out the soul,
What sweeter melody would ye aspire,
Than that which chastely fetters young Desire,
Waken'd to life by light of woman's e'e?
O then, should Beauty wale from Scotia's quire,
In vain may snow's deep drift and tempests flee,
When rises sweetly wild thy song of love and lea.

VI.

Ah me ! unknown, alas ! and poor and rude,
To strike with daring hand the sacred string !
And yet, 'tis but a throb of Gratitude
The humble Minstrel now essays to sing.
When peeps the little hare-bell forth on Spring,
Hard would he be who'd crush the simple flower
Just opening out its blossom.—Many a wing
Beside the eagle's Nature prompts to soar !—
What Bard, though strong his flight, can Nature's
realms explore.

VII.

The mountain torrent through low glens must glide;
The hart on hill regain his native lair ;
The lordly eagle, towering in his pride,
Must stoop to lowest earth his prey to bear ;
So poorth's sons the Muse's garb who wear,—
Shut out, alas ! from Learning's holy fane,—
Must grub wild freedom's haunts for humbler fare,
And bravely dree the weird as fates ordain,
And drudge and moil, through life, in penury and
pain.

VIII.

But ye, whose hearts a brother-feeling share !
Souls wrapt in song, though cored in vulgar clay,
Doom'd the vain worlding's scoff and scorn to bear,
Perhaps the social tax on sin to pay,
Hight labour ! as ye plod through life's short day,
Be Independence still your beacon star !
Let Pride go by, let Fashion glitter gay,—
Pomp's not ay happiest in her splendid car,—
The honest heart, though poor, I ween, is better far.

IX.

Though deep's the hatred shewn the low-born
wight,
Who strives, in Envy's spite, nor fears his fate,
But rises o'er the crowd by "heavenly light."
That wight, if worthy such, should scorn such hate.
Slander, with Envy, still will generate,
And Falsehood's progeny in swarms uprear :
Truth scorns them all,—sink World,—Hope,—
Fame, elate !
Withouten pride who'd dare ambition's sphere ?
Who runs a course of wit should tilt with honour's
spear.

X.

Happy the Man, who basks in sacred light,
Whom Fortune crowns with Mammon's golden
wreathe:

The rich,—the great,—the learned,—the critic wit,
Smile on his labours, smooth his pilgrim path,
And fill o'erflowing cup. But he who hath
Once tasted poortith's draught, hath swallow'd woe,
Howe'er endow'd. Want dogs his heel till death.
In vain the meteor blaze,—the heavenly glow;—
For Genius, Learning weeps;—but not till cold and
low.

XI.

Life's but a fever'd dream,—where Virtue, Crime,
Hate, Jealousy, Revenge, Love, Hope, Despair,
Ambition, Glory, Greatness, Thought sublime,
Are dished up in the banquet-room of Care.
Each, as he wills, may wisely choose the share
That, conscience whispers, feeds the soul divine.
The Fool may choose to sty in Slavery's lair:
But what avails it? Death will cut his line,
Unfitted to behold the sun of Freedom shine.

XII.

Well!—be it so. Let meanness clothe her soul
With smiles, and cheat on till death scorns the cheat.
Let ‘new born gauds,’ the multitude controul :
It has been—ay, and shall be, till the set
Of Time’s great dance breaks up,—but I forget
My little boat floats on opinion’s sea,
Driven from the shore, like him who pays the debt
Nature demands, urged on by destiny
To win Hope’s heavenly coast at last ! or nothing be.

XIII.

The ‘Love of Fame’ so deeply fills the mind,
That genius, once illumin’d, scorns controul ;
Like fire in Ætna’s bosom, long confin’d,
It bursts to life. The world’s dread laugh may roll
In vain. What bound can keep the glowing soul ?
The sacred spark, Heaven lights on Earth, must
shine !

But when--how--where! it matters not,—the whole
Creation is a mystery divine :
And time’s the test of Truth—and Gratitude of time.

XIV.

Life's deepest riddle is the proud Divine
Of earthly wisdom, nibbling at the bait—
Even at God's Altar—trim'd on falsehood's line.
Life's bitterest draught is that unmeasured hate
Which vile Ingratitude secure, elate,
Throws back the Patriot in retirement's bowers.
Life's greatest folly is, for Bards t' inflate
Language which Time before their eyes devours,
After the world has scorn'd them—as bees wither'd
flowers.

XV.

But deem not, Ye! bright gilt with learning's beams,
The doric sphere to beauty ne'er gave birth.
Within the rural hamlet, Nature teems
With wisdom, virtue, courage, honest worth !
The Palace oft has brought a villain forth ;
The Porch in Slavery's realm has foremost shone,
While all unheeded, low, the Cotter's hearth
Has reared in Freedom many a gallant son,
And forms of loveliness that Grace herself might own.

XVI.

Ye children of the Great!—ye highly born,
Or nobly bred—or nursed and trained by pride;
Ah! never look on humbler clay with scorn,
Nor the rough-cast of vulgar life deride.
Lo! in yon cottage, by the greenwood side,
Whose white smoke hangs so lovely in the vale,
As if it meant in *Virtue's sphere* to bide,
On labour's cheek I've seen the tear prevail
At sufferings of the rich!—in Revolution's tale.

XVII.

Forgive the Bard, if ere his humble Lay
In knightly hall or gilded doom should sound;
Who sends a pilgrim o'er the world to stray,
Led by the charms of Gratitude, and bound
By Minstrel's vow. Not his the will to wound
Fame—Feeling—aught that mortals cherish here.
His is the path, where Fancy strews around
Hope's flowers, to deck the lyre he loves to bear,
And sound that lyre to love, romance, devotion dear.

XVIII.

On old Northumbria's rock-bound dreary coast,
Where gentle * * * * joins her parent tide,
Stands * * * * * * * on the headland, like the ghost
Of Solitude! There hate, or bankrupt pride,
Frowning on a lost world, might long reside,
With few to 'probe their better day' by stealth;
There vanity, purse-sick, awhile may hide
Her meanness; rail at pride, and pomp, and wealth;
And still maintain her caste by pleading want—of
health.

XIX.

Whether dame Prudence, beating wisdom's road,
Had stumbled on this village unaware,
It little recks; but once to this abode,
She brought a Stranger from the world of care,
And seated him in nine days' wonder's chair;
And to incurious eye his form displayed;
Polished his manner, and genteel his air.
Interest his virtues soon in light arrayed;
Great store of gold had he; and generous all he paid.

XX.

He brought with him a son, a lovely boy,
Too young to know if on its cheek, so fair,
The drop of sweet unutterable joy,
From mother's heart, had ever fallen there.
For now a homely nurse supplied the care
A mother only knows. But she supplied
Nature's first wants. The 'Bird alane' she bare.
Him the fond father oft with sadness eyed,
And oft would turn away, a tear, or sigh, to hide.

XXI.

Who was the stranger? What his pedigree?
Kindred and Fortune? Scandal burn'd to know.
His language told him of the North Countre:
His name St. Albine! Worth had stampt a glow
Of conscious independence on his brow,
Which, sentinel'd by Pride, threw back the gaze
That loved to scan, if Fortune's pen of woe
Had written 'Poverty' upon his face,
And sent him from high life to such a lonely place.

XXII.

But time and tide roll on. St. Albine's pride
Was cent'red in his offspring, Edward, hight.
He was to him a father, teacher, guide,—
Training youth's flower to turn to Honour's light ;
To bud and blossom fair in Virtue's sight ;
Fixing each moral principle of thought ;
Revealing Man's creation—fall—and right
Of Heaven, through Him, whose blood salvation
bought :—

Fair spreads the tree of Life that springs from Wisdom's root.

XXIII.

But time and tide roll on, and will not stay ;
And Edward grew to man's estate apace.
Like other youths, Enthusiast in spring's day,
He long'd to start in Life's ambitious race.
Health now had set her seal upon his face,
Which strangers oft would stop awhile to scan :
And old St. Albine, sometimes too, would trace
His bud of youth again bloom into man !
And then some happy scheme of life for Edward plan !

XXIV.

Ah! Time and Tide no human license crave :
Roll Day, Month, Year ; Fate still her web 's renewing,

Sinking frail wrecks of life into the Grave :
Or o'er this fleeting world fresh flow'rets strewing ;
Garlands, which deathless Hope is ever throwing
Round Love, to guide him in his mazes blind ;
While She, relentless, still goes on pursuing
The will of Him ! whose everlasting mind
Upholds and governs all in realms of space confin'd !

XXV.

But who can Fate at all on earth controul !
When Hope blooms in affection's inmost core,
Joy's fruit soon forms and ripens in the soul.
It grew in Edward's heart. He felt Love's power
Resistless steal upon him ; more and more
It bloom'd withouten art, or fraud, or guile.
Desire so lov'd and guarded the fair flower,
In vain he struggled to break through her coil.
The more he tried, she bound him firmer in her coil.

XXVI.

O Love ! Earth's sceptre thou wast born to wield !
Save thee, shall never prince that right enjoy.
Pure is thy heart, as flower in summer field ;
Budding and blooming'neath heaven's guardian eye :
Who would not at thine altar bow the knee,
To prosper in thy blessing !—Care may blight
Life's fairest bud ; but oh ! inspir'd by thee,
Who dreams of woe ! Before thy presence bright,
Hope, like May morning comes, breathing delight !

XXVII.

The maid that won St. Albine's youthful heart
Was made a wonder even for Beauty's queen
To gaze and wonder at. Earth, Ocean, Art,
Imagination—all that Poets feign,
Ne'er imaged such a form ! It was a screen,
Through which the graces of a Heavenly mind
Shone lovely ! Loveliest still on earth, I ween,
Is she, a tender mother has refined
By true Religion's charms—to love all human kind.

XXVIII.

But she was in ‘low life,’ and Edward’s sire,
Grew dark and sullen, as the midnight steep ;
He reason’d not, nor raged, nor shewed his ire,
But hid the secret in his bosom, deep.
Thoughts now of nobler life began to creep
Like ivy round his heart ; now all the past
Flashed o’er his soul, like him who starts from sleep,
And shakes off a wild dream. The die is cast !—
His bark again must drive before dame Fortune’s blast.

XXIX.

What was the world’s opinion, troubled not :
He calmly heard it and withheld his own,
Sold off his household gear—gave up his cot,
And orders gave to leave the lonely Town.
None knew, for none inquired, where he was boun’:—
Not even young Edward, with imploring tear,
Aught learn’d.—His will was law ; his word alone,
Sacred.—All Edward knew, the day was near,
When he should bid farewell to scenes of youth so
dear.

XXX.

It was upon a lovely summer's eve,
Such as in fairy-land the Minstrels feign,
That Edward went to take a farewell leave
Of her, he ne'er might see, on earth again.
But who can paint the lover's parting scene :
Th' unalterable vow, the heart's hot tear ;
The bitter agony of mental pain ;
The long last fond embrace, the oath sincere ;
Ah ! none but passionate hearts can feel as lovers dear !

XXXI.

Where Brislee's beetling Tower looks o'er the vale,
St. Albine lean'd him on the 'lang stane' cross,
Set up in yore, a monumental tale
Of battle-field, or warrior-chieftain's loss :
Both perished !—" And is Fame, then, but a gloss,"
He said,—" this shaft, so simple, could not save ?
Like morning's beams, that o'er yon ocean pass !
And oh ! as fleeting as its faithless wave
Art thou ! 'immortal Fame' ! for Time itself 's thy
grave."

XXXII.

If sicken thought ere crossed his ardent mind,
As now he hecht in foreign climes to stray,
It recks not ; free as Cheviot's mountain wind,
His guileless heart was honest as the day ;
But when he gazed where, in the north-west lay
Fair Scotland's hills, retiring in the blue
Bright zone of Heav'n, perhaps a tear did stray
Adown his blooming cheek ; for Edward knew
His mother lived—although, her smile he never knew.

XXXIII.

Now, ere he bade a long and last good-night
To bold Northumbria's fields of pride or shame,
He tuned his harp, I trow as well 's he might,
To give his wayward pilgrimage a name ;
For meikle he had learned of Minstrel fame,
From that wild lyre o'er Fillan's willow hung.
O ! that the dreary ceaseless tide of time
Should e'er have wreck'd the Bard who fondly rung
His harp in hall of pride, and Border garlands sung.

XXXIV.

But deem not, ne within old Honour's hall,
Did Nobless worthy eilden day reside !
Hearts that still throb aright at Virtue's call,
And warm in minstrel lore !—May noble pride
With condescension ever be allied ;
Where Gratitude sweet flow'rets loves to strew :
'Tis thus the social band of life is tied ;
'Tis thus respect prevails among the crew,
That man, Earth's floating ship, Time's voyage to
pursue.

XXXV.

And Edward scanned each loved scene o'er and o'er,
That placid lay around him : still his eye
Rested upon the Cottage in the Moor,
Where now reposed his hope—his life, and joy :
He marked its white smoke lov'lier wreathè on
high ;
He heard the bandog's ‘honest bark’ below ;
He loved them for they rose where *she* was nigh ;
Then seized his harp with all a Minstrel's glow,
And waked this idle song of love to soothe his woe.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

1.

“ When on the rose-bud moist wi’ dew,
That blooms so bonnie on the briar,
I gaze, oh, then ! I think of you,
And wish your rosy lip was there ;
Then I would prove there’s not a flow’r
So sweetly buds in greenwood bower.

2.

“ When night, on Flora’s bosom dear,
Her tear of parting love has shed !
How pure the gem in morning, clear,
Thrills glitt’ring on the modest blade ;
But O ! when beams thine eye of love,
Where is the diamond of the grove !

3.

“ Green Cheviot oft, by virgin Spring,
Is veil’d with April’s wreath of snow.
Still to each native height will cling
The early flower of crimson glow :
But purer ’neath thy bosom’s veil,
On hills of snow Hope’s blossoms smile.

4.

“ How sweet the mavis sings her joys,
Ere Gloamin’ westward speeds her flight ;
But sweeter far my true love’s voice !

It sounds like music of the night,
When angels come, of Heavenly birth,
Breathing their melodies on earth !

5.

“ O, fare thee well ! my only love !
A long adieu to joy and thee ;
Be witness, sacred powers above !

My vows shall true and faithful be
Till life’s last throbbing pulse is o’er.
Farewell ! thou Cottage on the Moor.”

XXXVI.

Earth lay below him fair in Gloamin's reign ;
Heaven smiled above him, pure as pure can be ;
Then Gratitude awoke the Minstrel's strain !
His mind was pious—and his heart was free :
For now the planets 'gan to blaze on high,
And love, and wonder, o'er his reason stole.
Ah ! who ere mused upon that World, which He,
The God of all has made ; nor felt his soul
A part, a humble part, of that mysterious whole.

HYMN TO GRATITUDE.

1.

“ HAIL, meek-eyed Gratitude ! in heaven first born !
On this fair earth O where may'st thou be found ?
Or on the breezy hill to breath the morn ;
Or in the vale by hawthorn blossom crown'd,
List'ning the streamlets wimpling, gushing sound,
Sweetest when Gloamin' hymns her evening strain ;
Or pensive led,—where Ocean's billows, bound
By nature's bulwarks, foaming, rage in vain,—
Thou eye'st the labouring ship brave the wild storm
again !

2.

“ ’Tis not where, on the silent mountain’s side,
We view the landskip stretching far below ;
The cloud fleet, sailing on the welkin tide,
Where listeth zephyr’s gentlest breath to blow ;
The distant forest ting’d with golden glow ;
Rich field, and tufted brake, and bank between ;
The silv’ry mist that turbans Cheviot’s brow ;
The river’s azure belt that binds the scene,
Throwing a contrast rich to earth’s refreshing green.

3.

“ ’Tis not where holy contemplation strays,
When wakes the breeze of evening in the dale,
And with a mother’s tenderness surveys
The gentle violet woo the balmy gale ;
The glancing trout his insect prey assail,
Scatt’ring the mimic mirror world below ;
The murm’ring pine grove, lull’d by cushat’s wail ;
Or by the river’s margin, lingering, slow,
Forget so fair a world is doom’d to care and woe.

4.

“ ‘Tis not by mighty ocean’s boundless tide,
Rolling past human ken,—immense! sublime!—
‘Tis not by mead or mountain, fell or flood.
Thou, Gratitude! shalt mark the scope of time!
Thy home on earth’s the mind—the moral clime
Where mercy’s sunshine, *all who will*, may share.
O led by thee! still let us kneel to Him
Whose mighty power, night’s clust’ring worlds
declare,
Whose name the contrite heart adores in silent prayer.

5.

“ And yet, to leave the busy haunts of life,
And muse on scenes like this, so fair and sweet;
To shun awhile the din of vulgar strife,
And roam, where day and night so loving meet,
May teach, that nature’s works are all complete,
Design’d and govern’d in perfection’s sphere;
That poverty, though doom’d to lowly cot,
In virtue’s paths may moral beings rear,
Worthy, in sight of heaven, the crown of life to wear!”

XXXVII.

Ceased his wild measure,—in that lovely scene,
Wood, breeze, and stream, how placid, calm, and
pure,
And not a sound invades Night's gentle reign,
Save the wild cushat, wailing in her bower:
There breathed a balmy freshness on each flower,
Which day, with all his glory, could not give;
There was a holy feeling in the hour,
That whisper'd, Man must pass away, to live
In Heaven's immortal sphere! and nature's wreck
survive.

XXXVIII.

Throbs there a heart but gladdens at the truth
Revealed! unto the poor the Gospel's given!
No idle legend this of Minstrel growth,
It stands a record in the book of Heaven,
And blessed are they, by true repentance driven,
To shelter 'neath salvation's holy wing;
To drink, without a price, the waters living,
Around whose margin blooms eternal Spring,
Where Charity and Love their sacred anthems sing!

XXXIX.

Now, slowly blend, wild wood, and ruin grey,
In Night :—Now vanish distant tower and tree !
Each little bird is silent on the spray,
Till Day returning opes his gate of joy ;
Each flow'ret folds its blossom o'er its eye,
Save where some fairy holds a revel bright ;
The ship has vanish'd from the dark blue sea,
Far murmuring heard. Fair on the brow of Night
Shines out the Evening star, so dear to lover's sight.

XL.

And homeward, 'neath its beam, St. Albine hies :
He now was happy, for he was beloved,
And loved the fairest form beneath the skies.
His vow was plighted and her truth was proved,
At least to him—though soon to be removed
From where life only could true bliss afford,—
His father's peace was staked !—Ah ! though it
grieved
Him now to part, that father he adored :
For Edward's heart was bound by duty's stronger cord.

XLI.

He passed where Filberthaugh's sequester'd bowers
Slept in the arms of night. He saw, on high,
The Percy's ancient Norman Gothic towers
Shoot their bold warlike pinnets to the sky :
Then o'er the Cowslip Hills, with curious eye,
He passed, where many a Fairy raid has been,
What time, when in the moonlight revelry
In circling bands they danced upon the green,
And paid their kane to hell, to reign on earth, I ween.

XLII.

Now in the east, the Goddess of the night
Lighted her silver lamp, to view the world !
Around her ample brow, so fair and bright,
A fleecy cloud in shining ringlets curl'd,
Like a white sail, afar at sea, unsurl'd,
Lov'lier in loneliness,—and the deep blue
Of Heaven 'gan to grow pale, as if it quarrel'd
With beaming Star and Planet, that shone through,
And almost hid the Earth from Luna's jealous view.

XLIII.

O ! in the silent, solemn midnight hour,
Who has not gazed on such a peaceful scene !
When the Earth sleeps, and spirits have a power
To visit sphere of early love again !
When Silence, cloud-enthroned, delights to reign.
And muse on that bright universe, around,
Infinite and perfect all ! but cease loved strain,
Too awful is that theme for Bard to sound,
Whom, coil of mortal clay still to the Earth has
bound.

XLIV.

Where, mocking time, old Ratcheugh rears her
crest,
St. Albine turned and once more bade adieu !
And bless'd whate'er on earth could make him blest,
And vow'd, once more, his truth to her so true ;
And then, his hand across his Lyre he drew,—
A parting song he'd venture for her sake,—
While all around Old Ratcheugh's fairy crew
Lay list'ning in the neighb'rинг moonlit brake,
Nor harm'd the mortal wight that bade such harp
awake.

SONG.

“ O'er cherished love and friendship dear,
And Life's spring bud of joy,
How bitter is the parting tear,—
How keen the agony.

Ah ! none but those who feel can tell
The sorrows of the last farewell.”

“ But if I go, at Honour's call,
Far o'er the dark blue sea ;
And if a parting tear will fall,
'Tis only shed for thee !

The day I leave my native shorc,
No friend shall grieve, no kin deplore.”

“ Farewell, thou River ! winding clear,
Farewell, baith town and tower ;
Farewell the maid, that I'll lo'e dear,
Till life's last throb is o'er !
Come weal or woe, where'er I roam,
I'll ne'er forget my youthful home.”

END OF CANTO FIRST.

LUMLEY CASTLE;

OR,

THE GRAVE OF EMMA.

LUMLEY CASTLE;

OR,

THE GRAVE OF EMMA.

A TALE OF OTTERBURN.

LUMLEY CASTLE stands on the banks of the Wear, about half a mile from Chester-le-Street, in the County of Durham, and is uninhabited. When crossing the river, in the Autumn of 1826, I was struck with its appearance, and being detained in the Evening, by the accidental absence of the Boatman, walked up to view the structure, and, while contemplating the scenery, designed the following Ballad.

“ PAST ancient Durham’s holy aisle,
Flows sullen, Wear ! thy classic tide !
As if it silent scorned the smile
Of bigot Learning throned on pride.”

“ But purer than their cloister’d prayer,
Thy murmur’ring music rises wild !
Where Freedom, nursed by Lambton’s Heir,
Awaits to bless her mountain child.”

“ And sweeter than their Organ’s strain,
Thy greenwood chorus warbles free,
When, dawning o’er the Eastern main,
Young Morning spreads his flood of joy.”

“ And softer than their vesper bell,
That calls unwilling Monks to prayer,
The mavis chaunts her wood-note spell,
Where blooms thy banks so wild and fair.”

Thus wand’ring on the banks of Wear,
In Autumn’s eve, the Minstrel sung,
Where Lumley Castle, vast and drear,
In gloomy grandeur o’er him hung.

Glimmer’d no light in knightly bower;
Nor song of love, nor forest cheer
Was heard,—but Silence ruled each tower,
As if no living thing dwelt there.

Now, o’er the hills Day’s car had roll’d :
The flame yet tracked each western height,
While, all around, in shady fold,
Fell the grey mantle of the night.

Then from the sky, slow deep'ning blue,
Each twinklin' star sent down a ring,
Whose diamond sparkled in the dew,
While Gloamin', westward, plied her wing.

A thousand worlds in Heaven's blue sea,
In silent glory sailed along :
Earth humbly joined the revelry,
And followed in the countless throng !

R

Oh ! there is still a sacred tone
Of Joy that tunes each soul to love ;
When, standing on this Earth alone,
We gaze on all these stars above !

But, gentle Lady, from thy sight
Now veil that Heavenly scene sublime !
Earth's garden yields the flower 'delight' !
When Love and Virtue guard the clime.

Now listen to the Harper's lay,
While Fancy's meteor wing sweeps by,—
A tale of Lumley's warlike day,
Visions the wand'ring Minstrel's eye.

Romantic Wear! thy sylvan strand
Now graced with many a fair domain,
Once own'd a feudal Chief's command,
Where gothic Lumley ruled the scene.

Lord Oswald, still at camp or court,
Shone foremost in the List of Fame;
And Scotland's borders, war's resort,
Oft rung with gallant Lumley's name.

At Whitsuntide the feast was pight:
And high-born Dames in silken pall,
And red-cross Knights, in armour dight,
Kept wassel in Lord Oswald's Hall.

'Neath Banner'd scroll and Herald lore,
Hung corslet, hauberk, helm, and spear;
And brand in baldric bound, a store,
By torch and taper glitter'd clear.

'Ready, ay ready',—bound to bide
Honour's fair field, or hatred's feud;
The sons of Knighthood, arm'd, must ride
To court and camp, and good greenwood.

In golden cups the wine went round,
To geste of Love, and lover vain :
Then, carping to the wild Harp's sound,
Our Minstrels pour'd the battle strain.

R

High deeds of warlike Rolla's race,
In war's emprise, their measures rung :
Of Harold's fate—and Hastings' chase,—
And Saxon Maid, by valour won !

f

Then pledged they foaming goblets round !
To Emma, Oswald's peerless dame,—
Sound Minstrels ! Harp and Gyt-horn, sound
Responsive to the loud acclaim !

R

'Twas not her eye, where pure delight,
From out Love's window, captive gazed ;
'Twas not the grace of angel bright
That round her every action blazed !

It was the soul of love that spoke
In every look and thrilling tone :
Like Morning on the world she broke,
And hid each light around that shone.

She hears Lord Oswald's festive call,
And rose like Pleasure's Beam of Spring,—
With knighthood shouts,—“a hall!—a hall!”—
The vaulted turrets echoing ring.

Up sprung each gallant from the Board;
Up rose each dame and damsel bright;
With courtly phrase, and whisper'd word,
Each ranged her by her fav'rite knight.

The Bards had struck the cord of joy,
The measure had one step gone round,
When, sudden, 'midst the revelry,
Lord Oswald hears a bugle sound.

“Hark! 'tis!—'tis fiery Hotspur's blast,
Arm!—Arm, brave warriors,” Oswald cries:
Maiden and Minstrel look aghast,
While shouts and mingling clamour rise.

Louder the bugle swells,—the steed
Is clatt'ring near,—the drawbridge falls,—
One signal blast,—one bound of speed,
And Hotspur stood in Lumley's halls!

Says, glancing keen his eagle eye,
“ Gallants! no time ’tis now to chide:
Our march is won! the northern sky,
Beacons where Scotland’s Borderers ride.”

“ When haughty Douglas drives a prey,
No laggard he in bower to pine!
To keep the bleeding hart at bay,
Warriors we hold the key of Tyne.”

Then turning round, in courteous mood,
The gallant Percy bent his knee:
“ Emma! the reiver Scot subdued,
A Galliard Hall we’ll hold with thee!”

“ Thanks, Percy,” peerless Emma said:
“ Our Country’s guard, from faithless foes!”
He kissed her hand. She leaves the tide
Of warriors—towering, Hotspur rose.

“ Oswald! a goblet of your wine,
Our wearied prickers now require,
Then forward—forward to the Tyne,
With spur of hate, and speed of fire!

Fair Melrose, in thy sacred aisle,
A southron banner once did wave :
The proudest in old Warkworth's Hall,
Trophied a Scottish Borderer's grave !

Let Minstrels raise their Harps of fame,
And o'er the wreck of Freedom mourn !
But valour's self shall guard thy name,
Thou gallant chief of Otterburn !

Stretched on the gory moonlit heath,
Where Douglas in the battle died.
A Saxon warrior sunk in death !
The stout Lord Oswald, Durham's pride.

His broken lance he grasps in death :—
No foeman lived his fate to tell ;
'Twas Douglas barr'd Lord Oswald's path,
And by his arm the Borderer fell.

From out the Castle's highest tower,
The lady Emma looks in vain,
O'er dale and down,—to Lumley's bower,
Her Lord shall never sound again.

But mournful Lumley's dead-bell toll'd
The solemn peal that speeds the blest,
When holy Monks, in sacred mold,
Lower'd the warrior to his rest.



They led her where, o'er 'scutcheon clear,
His unstained banner waveless hung!—
But not from Emma's breast, one tear
Of woe unutterable sprung.

They led her to the bridal bower,
Nor sigh escaped—nor grief awoke;
But ere the dreary midnight hour
Had fled, her very heart it broke.

O'er Lumley's towers there sounds a wail,
As if they mourned a mortal's doom:
The Monks of Durham's holy aisle
Sung requiems o'er these Lovers' tomb.



The sternest warrior turned to hide
The tear that never shames the brave,
When by the gallant Oswald's side
They laid his Emma in the grave!

O, Lady bright ! in bower or hall,
If ever pity filled thine eye !
If ever Love, in sorrow's thrall,
Within thy gentle breast did lie !

Then roam when Autumn's moonlight, clear
O'er Lumley shines with silv'ry glow ;
And silent shed the tender tear,
O'er faith and valour mould'ring low.

Loud, Huntsman, blow thy boastful pryse,
Deep wind thy note in greenwood free,
The clay beneath the turf that lies,
Once, fearless, ranged the wold like thee

A braver Knight ne'er couched a spear !—
Loud let thy sylvan bugles swell ;
Twill glad his spirit now to hear,
R. The song, on Earth he loved so well.

When jocund Morning rises glad,
And flowers, with dew, their bosoms lave,
Let village swains here lightly tread,
Respectful o'er Lord Oswald's grave.

And, O ! when Gloamin' gilds the steep,
 Let village maids their offerings bring :
 O'er lovely Emma's fate to weep,
 And strew her grave with flowers of Spring.

His wild Harp ceased ! slow died the strain
 Afar in Echo's fairy cell :
 And silence once more ruled the scene,
 And night in darker shadows fell.

Farewell, loved scene ! the Minstrel cried ;—
 Now glanced the Cottage signal light ;
 The boat glides slowly o'er the tide,
 And Lumley's turrets fade in night.

OBSOLETE WORDS.

TIGHT, pitched. *Sir Gawin.*

DIGHT, dressed. *Spencer.*

PALL, garment of nobility. *Gawin.*

HAUBERK, a coat of mail. *HAUBERG.*
French.

GESTE, a romance, a noble action.
Chaucer.

CARPING, relating verbally. *Wintoune.*

EMPRISE, enterprise. *Barbour.*

CHASE, retreat or pursuit from battle.
Knox.

GYT-HORN, a guitar. *Houlate.*

LAGGARD, encumbered, irresolute.
Scottish Poems.

REIVER, a pirate.

GALLIARD, festive, sprightly.

PINE, to be subject to pain or controul.

SOUTHRON, Englishman.

PRYSE, death-note of the huntsman.
Scott.

WASSET, an ancient custom of the
Saxons, of drinking ale in com-
pany, wishing health over drink,
and listening to the songs of the
Minstrels. *Percy.*

SONG.

Ain,—“*Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my Father, O.*”

Blythe is the sang that the spring lark is singin', O
Sweet is the wild rose in green forest hingin', O
But dearer the wing o' Gloamin' glancing bonnie, O
For then was the hour o' my trystin' wi' Nannie, O

Like sun-shine in April that Nature lo'es dearly, O
Her een beamed ay welcome so loving and cheerly, O
Ripe was her lip, like summer buds so bonnie, O
And soft was the sigh in the bosom of Nannie, O

O love's like the flower in the gay beam of mornin', O
And joy's like the dew the fair blossom adornin', O
Lang ere noon-day they're fled, ere they're gather'd, O
Which leaves us to sigh o'er the hope that has
wither'd, O.

Farewell ye banks of the clear winding Aln, O
Farewell ye Town where so lang I've been dwellin', O
Farewell ye wild woods sae pleasant and sae bonnie, O
I still lo'e thee dear for the sake of my Nannie, O

TO

THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

WHEN Scotia formed her Doric choir,
And tun'd to Love old Freedom's lyre ;
She sought a Bard, who'd proudly dare,
 Her praises sound ;
And, wandering on the banks of Ayr,
 Her fav'rite found !

‘ And wear thou this !’ she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round his head ;
The polish'd leaves and berries red,
 Did rustling play,
And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

With wild enthusiast feeling, strong,
Fair Coila's Minstrel fondly rung
That magic Harp ! by Freedom strung
 In Learning's spite :—
The light around his footstep flung,
 Was Heaven's own light !

And first he sang the charms of Spring,
Sweet as the note love's warblers sing
Upon the boughs,—when dew-drops hing
 On morning flow'rs,—
And murmur'ring streams sweet music fling,
 Through greenwood bow'rs.

When rosy Simmer, like a bride,
Voluptuous, ripe in youthful pride,
Bless'd wood and field, then by her side
 Would Coila roam !
Inspired by love and gratitude,
 And charms of home !

When, from the uplands, Lammas' flood
Came pouring, thund'ring, wrathful red,
O'er tumbling rock, and crashing wood !—

At midnight chime,
Nature would oft the Minstrel lead,
'Mang scenes sublime !

When ' mellow Autumn' rul'd the scene,
And rais'd her flag of golden sheen,
Her village vassals to convene,
And mirth invite ;
How sweet his wild-lyre, on the green,
Echo'd delight.

But, chief, when savage Winter's howl
Rung echoing wild, from pole to pole,
Thou, Friendship, round the social bowl,
The ' wee short hour'
Would twine,—to witness, from his soul,
Wit's treasures pour.

Lov'd Hope! inspir'd by Joy and thee,
When rose his wild-harp, bold and free,
To angel-woman's witchery ;—

In social glow ;
How rich the stream of melody
Would sparkling flow.

But, struck by Fate,—even in th' abode
Of Hope—on Fortune's slipp'ry road,
By many a bitter woe subdued,

The Minstrel fell ;
When Want and dark Ingratitude—
Rung out his knell.

Sacred he sleeps. But Freedom's charm,
That framed his soul, that nerved his arm ;
Proud Independence, ardent, warm !

His name shall save,
When those, who shunn'd him in the storm,
Are in the grave !

Let Learning, gorgeous marbles raise,
To deck her pedant's obsequies :
Thy Genius ! Coila, never dies :
 Eternal fame
Hallows the spot where low thou lies,
 And guards thy name.

SONG.

AIR,—“ *O'er the muir amang the Heather.*”

CHORUS.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
The fairest flower in Freedom's bower,
Unfaulds its bloom amang the heather.

IN Leader's haughs sweet buds the briar ;
On Yarrow's braes gay flowers ye'll gather ;
But ne'er wi' her, they'll e'er compare,
That bonny blooms amang the heather.
 O'er the muir, &c.

Let Fashion flaunt, sae gaudy gay ;
And vainly brag o' lands an' siller;
But were she 'side my bonny May,
How dim wad be her painted colour !
O'er the muir, &c.

But what care I for Fashion gay,
Or warld's wealth, or glory either :
Give me the lass that I lo'e dear,
Content I'd live amang the heather.
O'er the muir, &c.

O'er life's wide sea, in Fortune's storms,
Let Fate steer on, I care na whether ;
If that she steers me to the arms
Of her I won amang the heather.
O'er the muir, &c.

FLODDEN FIELD.

THE two following Poems were composed, on a visit to Flodden, in 1824. The last of which is an attempt to make an addition to the Melody printed in Sir Walter Scott's Border Minstrelsy.

The readers of poetry are aware that only three lines remain of the original Ballad of 'Flowers of the Forest':—the Ballads beginning, 'I've heard them lilting at the ewes milking', and 'I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,' being the production of Ladies of rank, on the Borders of Scotland, within the last century. In the first Song two lines of the Old Ballad are preserved:—

I've heard them lilting at the ewes milking,

* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

But Sir Walter Scott, after his authentic publication of the imitation, discovered another line, conveying a most affecting image of the desolation occasioned by the Battle of Flodden:—

* * * * * * * *

I ride single on my saddle,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

This image I have presumed to incorporate with my verses. For the sake of the Subscribers, I have printed the two Ballads, already mentioned, with Dr. Leyden's beautiful Stanzas on Flodden Field, as some of them may not have seen these Poems, lamenting a Battle, the most fatal to Scotland that occurs in her annals ; the name of which, indeed, is heard with a feeling of sorrow to this day. (See Notes.)

FLODDEN.

A POEM.

Alas ! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell !
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell !

LEYDEN.

IN Flodden vale, where sleep the brave !
Their pillow, Honor's sacred shield,
I stood,—as on the peaceful grave
Of kindred,—and survey'd the field,
Where Scotland's Lion died at bay,
And all her pride were wede away !

And, lo ! on Glory's fatal path,
Where Fate had weaved a monarch's doom !
A lily graced the bed of death ;—
Meet emblem o'er the brave to bloom,—
And, as it sighed, methought a tear
Fell from its heart, on Valor's bier.

‘ Why dost thou weep on Vict'ry's lea ? ’
I said, ‘ Did he who sleeps below
Forsake his home, in forest free,
To die at Flodden's overthrow ?
And where his heart's last tide did pour,
Didst thou spring up—his guardian flower !

Flodden ! though o'er thy 'vantage steeps,
Nor cairn appears, nor banners wave ;
This wilding flower, that lonely weeps,
Is Freedom's offering to the brave !
What purer emblem, there ! can tell,
Where Scotland's King and Nobles fell.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

The verse adorn again,
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe.—

GRAY.

I'VE heard them lilting at the ewes milking,
Blythe as the lark, at the dawning of day;
Now, mornin' and e'enin', they're sobbing an' sighing,
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Nae mair a-wooing when Gloamin' is falling,
Love beaming welcome to youth smiling gay;
Nae mair in greenwood their bugles are calling:
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Nae lovers scorning,—nae bridals adorning;
 Kirkin' an' beltane come dowie and wae:
 I ride single on my saddle,
 For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

The gloom of our sorrow hope cannot brighten,
 Nor mirth cheat despair with joy's winsome ray,
 The heart then is sairest—for those we lo'ed dearest,
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

OBSOLETE WORDS.

LILTING, singing cheerfully.

WEDE-AWAY, weeded out.

GLOAMIN', twilight.

SCORNING, rallying.

KIRKIN', church-time.

BELTANE, the name of a Festival, ob-

served on the first of May, O. S.
in Scotland and Ireland.

DOWIE, dreary.

WAE, sad, or sorrowful.

WINSOME, cheerful.

SAIREST, sorest.

LO'ED, loved.

WARKWORTH.

WARKWORTH, the scene of the following Ballad, is of Saxon origin, and was built to repel the predatory descents of the Danes, on that part of the coast of Northumberland. The name puts the matter beyond a doubt of the most fastidious antiquary. It is derived from *Warke*, a work,—*Waere*, caution,—and *Wourthe*, to become necessary. *Warkewaerewourth*, or *Warkworth*, therefore means, a work of caution become necessary.

This hypothesis is new, but is consistent with history ; for, although there is no mention of Warkworth before the Conquest, we may easily conceive that this admirable position would soon be chosen as a strong-hold by the Saxons, to secure them from the devastations of the Danish pirates, hovering on their coasts.

The first Norman Baron possessed of this Township, after the Conquest, was Roger de Fitz Richard, who held it of the Crown, by the service of one Knight's fee. In the reign of Edward I. the Fitz Richards assumed the name of de Clavering. In the reign of Edward III. the family, holding Warkworth, became extinct, and the reversion of the Barony was purchased by Henry de Percy, Erle of Northumberland—or rather granted to him in lieu of 500 Merk, agreed to be paid to him, as Governor of Berwick. In the possession of his descendants, this Township and Barony has remained ever since.

It is probable the Castle was rebuilt by that Baron, and the Hermitage, celebrated by the learned Dr. Percy, excavated about the same period. This romantic place has been so well described, that I shall pass on to the subject of the present Ballad.

In the reign of John, (who, it is said, punished the Free-men of Alnwick, by instituting the ducking-well, as a memento for leading him into a bog, in Haydon Forest, when hunting.) Erle Richard of Warkworth, having proclaimed a Pass or Tournament, to be holden at Martinmas, ‘ Brown Adam,’ the celebrated Outlaw of Ettricke Forest, with two of his followers, go in the disguise of Knights to the Feast, and bear off the honours of the day from all competitors. On this plot the Ballad is founded. I have endeavoured to preserve the simplicity of the Ballad style, with many obsolete phrases and words, which are explained at the end of the Poem, so that the English reader will find no difficulty in mastering these antiquated expressions, without which the composition would be insipid.

The name of Brown Adam occurs in Sir Walter Scott’s Border Minstrelsy. The names of Græme, and Jock of the Syde, are familiar on the Borders.

He is weel kend, Johne of the syde,
A greater thief did never ryde,
He never tyris
For to brek byris,
Our muir and myris,
Ouir gude an guide.

This Freebooter was an Armstrong, and nephew to the celebrated Laird of Mangerton. He is supposed, by the great Border Minstrel, to be brother to Chrystie of the Sydde, mentioned in the list of Border Clans, in 1597.

To answer the purposes of the Ballad, I have made this ‘ gude an guide,’ flourish four centuries before his time. His name, indeed, is mentioned in Northumbrian traditions, which trace the exploits of the Freebooter to a much more distant period than that mentioned in the Border Minstrelsy.

Warkworth Castle, when entire, was one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. In the year 1672, the estates and honours of the ancient family of de Percy, being inherited by Elizabeth, (afterwards married to the Duke of Somerset) a Goth of the name of Clarke, one of the auditors of the Countess, pillaged Warkworth of its leaden roof and principal timbers, and left the neglected warrior to perish, in his old age.

The diplomatic dispatch, sent by this barbarian, to dilapidate Warkworth Castle, is unique in its kind,—it ran as follows :—

William Millbourne,

Being to take downe the materials of Warkworth Castle which are given me by the Countess of Nor-thumberland to build a house at Cheuton I doe desire you to speake to all her ladishipps tenants in Warkworth, Birlinge, Buston, Aclington, Shilbottle, Lesbury, Longhouton, And Bilton, that they assist me with their draughts as soone as conveniently they can to remove the lead and tymber which shall be taken downe, and such other materials as shall be fit to be removed And bring it to Cheuton, which will be an obligation to theire and youre friend.

Jo. Clarke.

In regard they are like to be out three days ere they gett home I shall be content to allowe every wayne half a crowne and let me know who refuse to do me———
they———

To my lovinge friend
at my house at Birlinge
William Milbourne.

Newcastle 27 April 1672.

Since that period, the strength of the buttresses has kept the main towers and walls erect; but they have been so shattered, by exposure to the elements, as to have been past repair, in 1746, when the first Duke of Northumberland, of the present line, rebuilt Alnwick Castle.

It is a fact, beyond controversy, that Warkworth Castle was the favourite residence of the Earls of Northumberland, in the North.

It was in Warkworth that the great Northern conspiracy was matured, that had nearly given a new Dynasty to England. It was there—waiting the ‘hazard of the Die,’ that the Earl of Northumberland received intelligence of the battle of Shrewsbury, which ended at once his ambition and the life of his son, the gallant Hotspur.

The scenery of Warkworth is of the most interesting description; but it is only by early youthful associations that such scenery can be enjoyed. Burns visited these places in 1787, but contributed nothing to their celebrity. The scene was either below the expectation formed of it, or he had still that national feeling lurking within him (which even inclined Dr. Percy to partiality in giving his Edition of the Ancient Reliques) which strangled the rising wish to do justice to the fair fame of an enemy, or to sing the beauties of the Country that he had been taught in infancy to hate.

These feelings are quickly vanishing. The Northumbrians are naturally credulous—prone to believe whatever is marvellous or absurd; but they are generous and hospitable, and maintain to a degree worthy their warlike ancestors—all that quick tact of character, and boastful independence, which distinguished the Borderers for six centuries.

In giving the following Ballad, therefore, to the public, I have little to dread from the liberal. The scenery and antiquities of Northumberland are subjects, at all times, worthy of elucidation. If my feeble efforts to draw the Antiquarian again into inquiries, of which many think nothing more can be made, I shall think my labours have not been vain.

THE

OUTLAWS OF WARKWORTH.

A BALLAD.

And they ha'e banish'd him, Brown Adam,
The flower o' a' his kin :
And he's bigged a bower in gude greenwood,
Atween his ladye and him.

Border Minstrelsy.—Vol. II.

IN Ettricke woods the leaves were sear,
And scant on boughs aboon ;
That, ever as sighed November drear,
Came silent, wheeling down.

Each wither'd leaf, that softly fell,
But shewed the year's decay :
“ Now, by the Rood,” quoth Brown Adam,
“ ’Tis time we were away.

“ At Warkworth, stout Erle Richard holds
A Pass at Martin-tide,
And, by God’s blessing, for a space,
His ‘ Table Round’ we’ll ride.

“ Its I shall brank a belted Knight ;
Thou Willy Græme, squire so free,
And Johne of the syde, sae gude at need,
Our wight yeoman shall be.

“ Then lang ere prison’d chanticleer
Sings out, this night is gane,
Its we shall ride on the English side,
And o’er by Keeldar’s stane.”

O’er dreary mountain, moss, and muir,
These bold Outlaws have gone ;
Till over Coquet, Warkworth’s tower
In Gothic splendour shone.

The Garritor stood on the tower,
To see what he could see ;
And he’s aware of a banner’d Knight,
Come riding o’er the lea.

The first blast that Brown Adam gied,
Old Alnwick quailed with fear,
As if ten thousand Border reifs,
To herry the town were near.

The second blast that the Outlaw blew,
The Warder he spoke on high,
That into Warkworth's town and tower,
Might pass the Knight's menyie.

Our bogsklent Knight was mense o' buik,
And bravely couth he ride :
I warrant him, quoth the Garritor,
He is an warrior tried.

'Tis merry to ligg in gude greenwood,
When the bud is on the tree ;
When the gowan and gentle primrose pale,
Spring up on th' em'rald lea.

'Tis merry to ligg in gude greenwood,
And brush the beltane dew,
When the fleet dun Deer, from his nightly lair,
Glances the forest through.

'Tis merry to ligg in gude greenwood,
Amang the scroggs to dree :
With Brand and Bolt your cheer provide,
And keep the forest free.

But ye shall hear how Brown Adam
In Knightly lists did prove :
And for his leman Lily-flower
Obtained the prize of love.

In pallions pitched, on Warkworth green,
Was many a gallant dight ;
And Ladies, printk in silken sheen,
Smil'd on each fav'rite Knight.

When guards were set, and umpires met,
All at the 'Table Round !'
Then Brown Adam, that bold Outlaw,
He rode unto the ground.

First, slowly round the Lists he bare,
As Knighthood's law decreed,
Lower'd his lance to Ladies fair,
Then backward rein'd his steed.

The Knight he look'd o'er his left shouther,
These blooming Dames to see ;
Says, " fairer than all is Lily-flower,
Beneath the greenwood tree."

And, down the warlike gage he throws,
Brown Adam, void of fear,
" The fairest flower on earth that grows,
Gallants, it blooms not here ! "

Merry and free, his bugle blast
O'er Warkworth's towers is borne :
Then up and spak' young Widdrington,
" That is an Outlaw's horn.

I've heard it sound in Tarras moss,—
By Tiviot winding clear,—
Quoth stout Erle Richard, " by the Cross,
With me he breaks a spear."

Then, loud, Erle Richard's bugle rings,
Afar o'er town and tower,—
" The fairest Dame in Christian land,
She liggs in Warkworth's bower!"

Now keen Impatience holds her breath :—
Ilk Knight wheels round his steed ;
And calmly waits the signal blast,
To run the course with speed.

Haught dame, and maid, and crested chief,
Are set in proud array :
The Herald cries, “ Tilt, warriors brave !
For love of Lady gay ! ”

Then, starting on the desperate course,
Like thund’ring clouds they come ;
It seem’d as if destruction fierce
Wad be each gallant’s doom.

So strong the dint, so true the stroke,
Their spears in flinders flee :
Knight, horse, and graith, in fearful shock,
Roll on the trembling lea.

Erle Richard sprung light to his foot,
And drew his whinger keen :
As quick the Outlaw’s scheerin brand
Is glancing in his e’en.

The Erle then with a sicker stroke,
Brought Adam to his knee;
Now, Christ, me save, thought the bold Outlaw,
This game goes hard with me.

But, fierce as libbart, close beset,
He sprung with sudden bound:
By desperate strain, an' strength, o'ercome,
The Erle is on the ground.

The Outlaw's left hand grasps his throat;
On high he waves his right;
An' mercy's dirk o' burnish'd steel,
Must gain or end the fight.

"Now, yield, Sir Knight, for life or death!"
"Sythins mot better be,"
"To whom," quoth he,—"to Lady mine,
All under the greenwood tree!"

Amang the yeomen, Willy Græme,
With a bende-bow in his hand,
Has gane to prieve the Bowmens' fame,
Bred in Northumberland.

Its they've shot in, and they've shot out,
The doughty archer train :
Quoth Willy, he is an Bowman gude,
That cleaves the wand in twain !

He brent his bow, o' trusty yew,
With silken cord sae small ;
An' shaft then from his belt he drew,
Sae proud before them all !

Sae stout our stalwart Borderer drew,
Swift went the bolt him fro' ;
The willow-wand he cleft in two,
Might no man there do so.

“ Now, by God's might,” quoth Erle Richard,
“ Thou art a fellow gude,
Thou art outhier Willy, o' Ettricke side,
Or an Outlaw o' English wood.”

Quoth Willy, “ the Scot is fair an fase,”
It sair'd him now to lee,
Many a bow of gude mairt ky,
Ha'e they driven o'er Tiviot free !

“ A hundred merk,” Erle Richard said,
“ For Willy o’ Ettricke’s head.”—
Willy said nought, but smiled and passed,—
With him gaed Jock o’ the syde.

Syne on they passed, when dalesmen stout
For sport o’ strength ha’e gone,
And there the wiryest o’ them all,
By Jock o’ the syde war thrown !

Jock peer’d about, and prim’d about,
To see what he could see.
“ Its ere Yule-Baby here is drest,
I’ll be again with ye.”

The Bar, the putting Stane,—sax ell,
Beyond them all he past,
And dalesmen still, o’ vale and hill,
Brag o’ the Warkworth cast.

A feast they hold in Warkworth Hall,
There were fifty Knights and three ;
And Dames gay buskt and prinkt in pall,
With Harp and Carp so free.

“ A health unto your Lady-flower,
Sir Knight,” Erle Richard says,—
“ As thou art brave, gif she is fair !
Thou weil has won the prys.

“ Now, ere thou bears the ring away,
Shew us what Knight you be,
If thou’rt a belted Knight, by whom
Ware the spurs hesped on thee ?”

Its up then rose him, Brown Adam,
“ I scorn this day to lee,
An Earl me got, and a Lady me bore,
As great of kith as thee !

“ And when at Court and Camp I ride,
A Knight is my degree ;
But when I dwell in gude greenwood,
Its “ *Whae dar mcddle wi' me.* ”

Then up him sprung, Earl Richard bold,
And an angry man was he ;
“ Thou wendest not from Warkworth hold,
Thou Outlaw o’ forest free !”

He's ta'en the table with his foot,
That stout Outlaw sae brave !
Then ilk man pull'd his whinger out,—
Speir'd not Erle Richard's leave.

Willy Græme at the door he stood
With a brown bright burnist brand :
“ Gramercie, then,” whisper'd Jock o' the syde,
“ Our horse is ready at hand !”

It's they've brest in, and they've brest out,
With swords sae true at need ;
He never may fear to stand his clute,
Whose hand can keep his head.

Then backward bent these bold Outlaws,
Might no man them withstan' ;
But ne'er a word spak' Jock o' the syde,
Till o'er Coquet stream they wan.

The Southron cried, “ to horse, to horse,”
And to their stables gat ;
But ilk horse in old Warkworth's Keep
Was tied wi' Saint Mary's knot.

Then, loud the bold moss-trooper cried,—
And laughed loud laughters three ;
“ Frae Horse that St. Mary’s knot has tied,
I scorn sae fast to flee !”

Brown Adam his gauntlet shook on high,
“ For this your courtesy—
Erle Richard, neist time in Hall we meet,
I shall drink Bonaillie wi’ thee.”

They’ve roused the game, they’ve held the chase,
O’er muir and mountain wide ;
But fleet and strang maun be the trod
That follows Jock o’ the syde.

They’ve held the chase o’er moss and muir,
Till the sun i’ the west gaed down,
Till Brown Adam, and his followers twain,
Passed into Scottish groun’.

And Lily-flower in greenwood bower
Has spread them forest cheer.
This is the first fytt of the bold Outlaw,
But another you shall hear.

OBSOLETE AND PROVINCIAL WORDS.

ABOON, above.

QUOTH, said.

PASS, tournament.

WIGHT, strong.

BRANK, to dress proudly.

GARRITOR, a watchman.

REIFS, theives.

HERRY, to rob.

MENYIE, train, followers.

BOG-SKLENT, to strike off into a bog,
to avoid being taken.

COUTH, could knowingly.

LIGG, to dwell.

LAIR, a place for lying down.

DREE, to endure.

LEMAN, sweetheart.

PALLIONS, tents made of cloth.

PRINKT, dressed.

SHEEN, dress.

ILK, each.

FLINDERS, shivers.

GRAITH, horse accoutrements.

WHINGER, sword.

SCHEERIN, dividing.

SICKER, cunning, secure.

LIBBART, tyger, or leopard.

DIRK, dagger.

SYTHINS, although.

GANE TO FREIVE, gone to prove.

BRENT, up-raised, elevated.

STALWORTH, strong.

OUTHER, either.

FASE, false.

BOW OF KY, herd of kine.

GAED, went.

SYNE, then.

WIRYEST, toughest.

YULE-BABY, a small figure drest to represent our Saviour, at Christmas. The nothern nations formerly held this festival in honour of Odin, who was called Julvater, or Father of Yule.

PUTTING STANE, this amusement is common throughout the lowlands.

BRAG, boast.

BUSKT, dressed in gayest attire.

HARP AND CARP, a term of minstrelsy, meaning, playing, and relating.

PRYS, praise.

HESPED, fastened.

KITH, kindred.

LEE, lie.

WHA DAR MEDDLE WI' ME, who dare interfere with me. The name of an ancient border tune.

WENDST, goest.

SPEIR'D, asked.

BURNIST, burnished.

SPAK, spoke.

TO TIE ST. MARY'S KNOT, to hamstring cattle.

NEIST, next.

MAUN, must.

TROD, hot-trod, to track with blood-hounds.

FYTT, division of a song.

BONAILLIE, a drink of friendship at parting.

REST, forcibly breaking away, removing, with violence.

TO STAND CLUTE, to keep one's own ground.

WARKWORTH.

NEXT to the Castle, the Hermitage claims the notice of visitors to Warkworth.

When Henry VIII. pushed the Reformation of Religion to the length of extirpating the Catholic faith, in England, a furious persecution was the means of accomplishing his designs: and while the King pillaged the Monasteries of their treasures and effects, the people were gratified by a license to destroy them.

By pretended or real discoveries of the tricks of the priests, who had worked on the credulity of the multitude by miraculous reliques, the people were everywhere excited to the work of destruction; and even Warkworth Hermitage fell a sacrifice. The last patent granted by the Earl of Northumberland is dated 1532, constituting Sir George Lancaster, keeper of the ‘Armytage.’ Since 1567 it has continued in Ruins, a monument of the downfall of superstition, and of the vanity of fame; for neither the Founder, nor the age in which he flourished are known.

From the style of the decoration, and the formation of the monument in the Chapel of the Hermitage, the date of its origin cannot be carried farther back than the reign of Edward III. After the Battle of Hallidoune, in 1333, the Earl of Northumberland acquired the Barony of Warkworth, and it probably was about this period that the Hermitage was founded.

The Town consists of 150 Houses, contains 600 Inhabitants, and possesses excellent Inns for the accommodation of the numerous visitors who visit the place in the months of Summer.

SWEET COQUET SIDE, GOOD-NIGHT!

OCTOBER's sun went cloudless down
On Warkworth's mould'ring Halls ;
And the last swallows of the year
Were gathered on the walls :
But ere the star of evening rose
To guide them in their flight,
Methought I heard them say, or sing,
Sweet Coquet side, good-night !

Then twilight came, on fairy wing,
In robes of silv'ry hue,
And sighed to hear the gathering song,
As o'er the towers she flew ;
In vain, around the twitt'ring crew,
Their leaders wheel'd in flight :
Methought they stopp'd, once more to sing,
Sweet Coquet side, good-night !

Farewell! the sainted Hermitage;
Farewell the Castle green;
Farewell! old Morwick's blooming banks,
And bonny Hazon dean!
Farewell the Coquet's silver stream,
Past Warkworth, rolling bright!
Farewell each haunt of native home!
Sweet Coquet side, good-night!

From nature's touch, the sympathy
Of kindred feelings spring;
And tears will often flood the eye,
When Hope is on the wing;
And sadness oft will cloud the soul,
Though Fortune's sun is bright,—
When launch'd upon the world's wide sea,
We bid sweet Home! good-night!

HAYDON CHACE.

A FRAGMENT.

HAYDON FOREST is an extensive tract of Moorland, lying to the West of Alnwick, and is said to contain nearly 4000 acres.

By a Deed of settlement, dated in 1762, the respective titles, rights, privileges, and immunities of Haydon, claimed by the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, as Lord and Lady of the Manor and Borough of Alnwick, on the one part, and on the other by the Common Council of Freemen, were finally adjusted and declared.

By this agreement, the Forest is acknowledged to be part of the Manorship: and the Freemen confirmed in the right of pasturing their cattle on the Moor, and deriving a revenue from the lands inclosed, then in a state of cultivation, with other benefits set forth in the declaration, on a small yearly quit-rent or acknowledgment, to be paid to the Lord or Lady of the Manor.

This Deed of settlement may now be considered as the legal constitution of the Borough.

The antiquity of Alnwick is proved from the name. It is a Saxon word, signifying *the Town of the Temple appropriation*, being derived from the word *Alh*, a Temple, *An*, to appropriate as one's own, and *Wic*, a termination in the Anglo-Saxon language, applied to Townships situated in a certain kind of Bay, within the sea-shore.

At the Norman Conquest, 1066, the Township of Alnwick was conferred on de Vesci, one of William's Barons, who, tradition says, married the Saxon Heiress of the name of Tyson. The first Earl of Northumberland was the brother of Harold, slain at the Battle of Hastings. The Earldom was afterwards conferred by the Conqueror, on the celebrated Corspatrick, (Earl of March) who, rising in rebellion against his benefactor, was defeated, and took refuge in Scotland. In 1309, the family of the de Vescis having become extinct, the Barony of Alnwick was purchased by Lord Henri de Percy, whose ancestor had come over with William, and acquired large possessions in Yorkshire, as his share of the Conquest.

Haydon Forest, the scene of the following Ballad, was, according to tradition, subject to the Brown Man of the Muirs, who ruled the Muirlands of Northumberland. Several stories of this personage are still extant in the remote districts of the County. Dr. Leyden has introduced him in his Romantic Ballad of the Cout (Colt) of Keeldar, a Northumbrian Chieftain, who, in a Hunting expedition, is killed by Soulis of Liddesdale, on the banks of the Hermitage.

And when he reached the Redswire high,
His bugle, Keeldar blew ;
And round did float, in clamorous note,
And scream, the hoarse curlew.

The next blast that young Keeldar blew,
The wind grew deadly still,
But the sleek fern, wi' fingery leaves,
Waved wildly on the hill.

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
Still stood the limber fern ;
And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
Up started by a Cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath,
That clothes the upland fell ;
And the hair of his head was frizzly red,
As the purple heather bell.

An urchin,* clad in prickles red,
Clung couring to his arm ;
The hounds they howl'd and backward fled,
As struck by fairy charm.

“ Why rises high the Stag-hound's cry,
Where Stag-hounds ne'er should be ?
Why wakes that horn, the silent morn,
Without the leave of me ? ”

“ Brown dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,
Thy name to Keeldar tell ! ”—
“ The Brown Man of the Muirs, who strays
Beneath the heather-bell.

“ ’Tis sweet, beneath the heather-bell,
To live in Autumn brown ;
And sweet to hear the lav'rocks swell,
Far, far from tower and town.

“ But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The Chace's surly cheer !
And ever that hunter is forlorn
Whom first at morn I hear.”

Says, “ Weal nor woe, nor friend nor foe,
In thee we hope or dread.”
But ere the bugles green could blow,
The wee Brown Man had fled.

* Hedgehog.

Keeldar and his train despise the warning. They are unwarily entrapped into the Hall of the Lord Soulis, and enchanted by a Fairy-spell, while seated at the feast.

Each hunter bold of Keeldar's train,
Sat an enchanted man ;
For cold as ice, through every vein,
The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger rung,
Each gaz'd with glaring eye ;
But Keeldar from the table sprung,
Unharmed by gramarye.

He escaped the enchantment, by having the leaf of 'Rowan-tree' in his plume ; but he could not cross the running stream, and having stumbled, while fording the river, the Borderers held him down with their lances till he died.

The Holly floated to the side,
And the leaf of the Rowan pale ;
Alas ! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddisdale.

The grave of Keeldar, who was celebrated for his valour and activity, on the Borders, is still shewn on the banks of the Hermitage. Keeldar Castle now belongs to the Duke of Northumberland.

There are various traditions of the King of the Muirs, in the western parts of the County. His enmity appears chiefly directed against those who sport on his dominions, without permission, as in the case of Keeldar; or without leaving him share of the spoil, as in that of two young men of Elsdon, who, being out sporting, on the Fells, met this malignant Spirit, on their return, and, not having offered him share of the game, died shortly after.

HAYDON CHACE.

A FRAGMENT.

IT was in and about the harvest tide,
That stout Sir Henry boun to ride,
 A hunt on Haydon Muir;
And when uprose the welcome morn,
The echoes of his bugle horn
 Rung blythe o'er town and tower.

By porch and cullis all unbarri'd,
Gay issuing from the outer ward,
 Throng'd out the hunter train :
Well might de Percy's eagle eye,
Keen, brighten with a warrior's joy,
 To lead such gallant men.

By Heaven ! it was a stirring sight,
The bearing bold of Lord and Knight,
 And 'Squire of high degree ;
And Yeomen wight, who throng'd around,
Their warlike Chief, with hawk and hound,
 And gear of forest free !

He rode upon a proud war-steed,
That oft had prov'd right good at need,
 In foray, field, and feid :
From baldrie of the tough Boar hide,
A falchion shoggled at his side,
 In many a battle tried.

His cleading was of Lincoln blan',
And all bespoke the gallant man,
 * Weel bodin birth and mak' :
St. George's Cross flamed on his breast ;
A falcon sat upon his wrist ;
 His bow and bolts at back.

* Weel bodin birth and mak', means every way provided, both by high-birth and gracefulness of person, to make a gallant Knight.

And blooming at Sir Henry's side,
 Came linkin' out his bonny bride,
 That late had wedded been :
 There breathes not in Heaven's purest air
 Ane flower with her that may compare,
 Save Eleanor our queen.

On palfreys gay her Maries four *
 Came prinkit out from Maiden bower,
 With meikle game and glee :
 The wilding rose-buds on the briar,
 Moist with the Summer morning's tear,
 Were ne'er so sweet to see.

And as the train rode gaily by,
 Sir Eustace from the alryne high,
 Beheld their bright array ;
 "Gallants, God speed," the warrior cried,
 The Scottish Borderers oursyle ride,
 And weel can catch a prey."

* The Queen yestreen had four Maries,
 The night she'll ha'e but three ;
 There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
 And Marie Carmichael, and me.

Ballad of the Queen's Marie.

Ladies of high distinction, in ancient times, generally had the daughters of nobility as their bower maidens.

Lord Henry smiled,—“ He bodes aright ;”—
 “ But, by the holy Rood, Sir Knight,
 Wer’t not this Lady mine,
 Though stout Sir Eustace does not ride
 To-day, my banneret of pride
 On Scottish ground should shine !”

“ Then spread the feast in slothal hall !
 Let Minstrel, harp, and Galliard call
 The song of love, to cheer !
 Be mine, a space in good greenwood,
 With spears arowe, and bow-men good,
 To drive the Fallow-deer !”

“ The feast, too oft, mulde-mete has been ;
 The fairest sky o’ercast, bedeen,”
 Quoth Eustace from the tower,
 Then speaking low a jest of pride,
 * “ Your Pennon gay, the Scottish side,
 Perchance may grace once more !”

* This alludes to the capture of Hotspur’s Pennon, at Newcastle, by Earl Douglas, whose taunt of carrying it in triumph to Scotland, led to the Battle of Otterburn.

But onward, by King William's stone,
 The merry hunter train have gone,
 So gaily swept they by ;
 Their craft is keen, their steeds are fleet,
 Their beagles answer, with delight,
 The huntsman's echoing cry.

On Haydon wold how sweet to roam !
 When blooms the heath and bonnie broom,
 And hawthorn's fragrant flowers ;
 But woe to him, the wight forlorn,
 Who meets, unsained, at early morn,
 The Brown Man of the Muirs.

* * * * *



PROVINCIAL WORDS.

UNSAINED , unblessed.	OURSYLE , cunningly, with skill.
GEAR, FOREST-GEAR , Hunting accou- trements.	BODES ARIGHT , what he says is right, although it is said in constraint.
SHOGGLED , dangled.	MULDE-METE , is the last meat before death.
LINCOLN BLAN' , a dress or garment, worn by nobility.	BEDEEN , quickly, forthwith.
PRINKIT , dressed gaily.	FEID , quarrel.
ALRYNE , a watch-tower.	BOUN' to prepare, to make ready.

ODE TO HOPE.

SCENE,—*A Field of Battle, 1815.*

CELESTIAL Hope! where'er our lines are cast,
Whether in peaceful vale, or field of war;
Over time's dominions shines thy Beacon star,
Benign and pure, and lovely to the last.

The Seaman hails thee on wild ocean's wave,
Far from the home he loves. To cheer his way,
Thou strew'st the pilgrim's path with flow'rets gay:
Thou rock'd his cradle,—and thou'l smooth his grave.

And here! where murder whets her cruel brand,
For deeds of woe,—the soldier's guard to be,
From heaven thou comest,—then, inspired by thee,
He dreams of Home! far from his native land.

Even on Spain's mountains, where the war-wolf's cry,
Howl'd mournful through the watches of the night;
Where helpless comrades shriek'd in death's affright,
Appalling stoutest hearts, thou still wer't nigh!

Great God of mercy ! O, what urges man
To yoke Death's coursers to Ambition's car ;
To glory in the panoply of war,
And raze good-will from thine all-righteous plan !

But, lo ! day's ensigns o'er the east aspire :
Hark ! Glory's bugles sound, to arms ! and brave
Men form in phalanx deep ; and banners wave ;
And thund'ring squadrons reel in British fire.

Destruction's voice is heard afar ! around
Our ranks death rides, with murder-glaring eye,
In vain,—the closing gaps his frown defy,
And desperate Valour, raging, bites the ground.

Now Horror leads the hellish revelry,
While Fate adjusther beam !—Now Mercy's shield
Is wrench'd from Pity's arm ; and o'er the field,
Carnage, her victims eyes with savage joy !

But, thou, lov'd Hope ! exulting in the might
Of Britain, to the combat cheers the brave !
Hark ! Vict'ry shouts at last o'er Gallia's grave !
Throbbing surviving hearts with stern delight.

ELEGY, IN A CHURCH-YARD.

SLOW o'er the valley, sinks the blessed light
Of Heaven! another course of life is run:
For death shall fix, in everlasting night,
Full many an eye, ere dawns to-morrow's sun.

Heaven's messenger, invisible! thy breath
Steals o'er us,—even as Winter's viewless blast
Bares field and forest,—scatt'ring on Time's path
Life's wither'd leaves, to moulder 'dust to dust!'

To thy dominions all must voyage down:
Beauty's bright eye before thee closes dim:
Youth, like the mountain pine, to vigour grown,
Boasts!—lo! thy touch to pieces breakest him.

Where is our fathers smile!—our mother's tear!
The fond advice our gentle sister gave!
Our brother's voice, in youth, we lov'd to hear!
All—all are buried in the silent grave.

And yet what mariner, on Ocean's track,
His bark careering homeward, on the main,
To shores he left would idly voyage back,
And steer the same dull, tedious, course again ?

How solemn ! yet how peaceful is the look
Of Death's dread prison-house : lo ! it appears,
With all its letter'd monuments, a book,
Whose every page a sacred record bears.

O thou ! whoe'er thou art, that wand'rest here,
To muse o'er mould'ring ashes of thy kind ;
Sigh over Friendship,—shed Affection's tear,
Grave this one moral deeply on thy mind !

Whate'er in Life is mean, ignoble, base,
At once abhor, and ever sternly shun !
And kindred hearts, that live in honour's blaze,
Will hail thy course, and bless thy setting sun.

Hatred may scatter, from vile Slander's urn,
Falsehood's dark scroll across thy pilgrim path :
Time laughs the liar and the lie to scorn :—
Hypocrisy ne'er pass'd the gates of death !

O, then ! be Virtue still your heavenly guide,
To lead thy soul resigned through death's abode ;
Eternal Truth o'er all must still preside,
"Wisdom's beginning is the fear of God."

A

SERMON ON LIFE,
IN
AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND
GOING ABROAD.

DOES Friendship, like day's heavenly light,
Sink often down in cheerless night !
Lo ! Morning comes, reviving bright
The sacred beam :
My Frere, as welcome to the sight
Your Letter came.

It made me glad,—'twas news indeed,
To learn ye gang wi' hope abroad :
God grant your plans may a' succeed !

In Fortune's battle,
Heaven scatters mankind far and wide,
To try their mettle.

Ye ask me for Life's good advice,
In practice and Religion's choice !
Your Father's faith if ye be wise,
'Till death, haud fast :
Fear God ! and ye shall sure rejoice
Amang the just !

My Friend ! Earth's like a Lottery wheel,
Fate draws each ticket—and, the De'il
Comes with the scroll to many a chiel'
In Wisdom's rank,
And spite of Worth and Honour leal,
Opens a Blank !

But oh! how blest! how happy, they!
Who, cautious, plod the prudent way,
And, a' the cunning paths survey,
O' gude an' ill!
But never venture ance to stray
On Honour's hill.

With sober face, demurely glad,
They'll tell ye, "God is gracious," gude!
But whoe'er met them on the road,
The humble keep;
Or in poor misery's abode,
E'er saw them weep.

Let's turn to Life! in every lan',
Money's the household God o' man;
Self-Interest lurks in every plan,
We follow here:
There's ne'er a river seaward ran,
That ay ran clear.

For Gold, the Priest will sell his God;
The wily Statesman change his side;
The Judge in doubt and place abide,
 Till life's last hold,
Love! Hope! Ambition! Glory! Pride!
 All smile on Gold!

But O! my friend, on Fortune's sea,
Let Honour still your pilot be,
To steer to Wealth's abode. Life's tree,
 Let Virtue nourish,
And by Heav'n's blessing bonnilie
 Each branch shall flourish.

Discharge the bonds ye justly owe,
That thou, unshamed, past foes may go
In fearless Independence; Woe,
 And want, and hate!
Pursue the wretch, that mankind know
 'S o'er lugs in debt.

Nor spend the gear, thou'rt honest won,
In idle pleasures,—sternly shun
The paths even where vice walks,—undone,
Without remeед,
Are they, who braving vengeance, con
Her hellish creed.

And ne'er forget, the Power aboon,
That keeps the universe in tune:
Six thousand years, the world's spun roun',
An' never reists.
Mercy, on a' mankind, looks down
In spite o' priests!

In Wisdom's presence often be,
And store the lessons she will gi'e,
That so respect may honour thee,
And love thy name:
In paths of peace, walk carefully,
And ne'er defame.

In shape of Virtue, Falsehood prowls,
Worming detraction to the souls
Of family circles,—O this fouls

A Christian's walk.

Detest, as Sin in hell that howls,

The Slanderer's talk.

With knee o'ercross'd, demure yet meek,
I've seen her, at some ingle cheek
Challenge low-pride, self-righteous, sleek,

To lend an ear

To poison'd talk, as vile to speak,

As 'twas to hear.

And, whiles she stabb'd the name she hated;

And, whiles some holy text she quoted;

And, whiles wi' fiendish eye she noted,

The list'ning throng!

To mark, if those so basely cheated,

E'er thought 'twas wrong!

Ne'er cant against the world ! the ways
Of God, on earth, are mysteries :
By Reason's torch, what priestercraft says
 'Gainst Life, examine ;
However dark their text,—the blaze
 Will truth illumine !

Curs'd be the wretch, who grumbling owns,
The gifts of God with sighs and groans :
This Earth, a pleasant palace, stan's,
 O' matchless skill,
T' enjoy its blessings Heaven comman's—
 But, leaves the will.

If Sorrow knocks—or Care, within
Your door stalks, threat'ning, think't na sin,
To take Mirth's fiddle frae the pin,
 Be't late or air :
Mirth gars life's heart's-blood glibly rin,
 In spite o' Care.

Then fare ye well ! my youthful crony,
If Life has cares, there's pleasures many !
Lov'd Home ! dear Friends—an income canny
To bruik the storm !
And, last and best, a Wifie bonny,
Life's dearest charm !

And then ye'll ha'e by Heav'n's ain blessing
Some bairns,—now, "Father dear" caressing ;
Now, round their cog o' crowdy, messing,
Wi' greedy e'e ;
Now, gew-gaw, doll, or playkin, dressing
At Mother's knee !

Be these your lot, where'er ye bide ;
Wherever Fate and Fortune lead ;
Whatever shore your shanks may tread,
As sure's I penn'd
These Rhymes, till snug in death's neuk laid,
I am your Friend !

BATTLE OF HEDGLEY MOOR.

1464.

IN the first great Civil War of England, between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the Earl of Northumberland espoused the cause of his Sovereign Henry VI. and was slain at the first Battle of St. Alban's, 22d. May, 1455. His successor was firmly attached to the amiable and unfortunate Monarch. After the King was taken by the victorious Yorkists, at Northampton, the Earl of Northumberland levied forces, and joining with other warlike Barons of the North,—who, according to Hume, “were moved by indignation to find the Southern Barons pretend to dispose of the Crown, and settle the Government,”—obtained a victory over the Duke of York, at Wakefield, 24th. December, 1460, in which that Prince and his Son, the Earl of Rutland, were killed. But notwithstanding this success, and the succeeding defeat of the Earl of Warwick at the second fight of St. Alban's, the cause of the Yorkists prevailed, and Edward, the eldest Son of the Duke of York, was proclaimed King, at London, on the 5th. March, 1461. The great body of the people seem to have favoured his pretensions to the Throne.

Henry was a prince of a mild and inoffensive disposition, and though much regarded for his piety and meekness, was altogether

Incapable of swaying the sceptre over a fierce and warlike people. But his Queen, Margaret, possessed a mind of no ordinary cast. Perhaps it would be difficult to find her equal in History. She had the misfortune, however, of being unpopular in the South of England, and it was in this quarter that the opposing faction of York had their chief support. The Queen, therefore, hurried to the North, where she soon assembled a numerous army, according to Historians, amounting to sixty thousand men. Young Edward, and the Earl of Warwick, hastened by forced marches to Yorkshire, and at Touton, 29th. March, 1461, was fought the greatest Battle that has occurred in England, since the Conquest. The Yorkists had forty thousand men in the field. After a desperate and sanguinary struggle, victory declared on their side. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, the Lords Dacres and Wells, Sir John Neville, and many other gentlemen of the Northern Counties, with thirty thousand men, were slain in the Battle and pursuit.

Henry and Margaret fled into Scotland, accompanied by the Duke of Exeter, Brother-in-law to Edward, and by the Duke of Somerset, whose Father had fallen in the first Battle of St. Alban's. Scotland at that period was governed by a Regency, during the minority of James III. and the kingdom was torn by factions. On the promise of Margaret to deliver the fortress of Berwick, and contract her Son in marriage to the Sister of their King, the Scottish Council agreed to assist her in her attempt to recover the Crown.

In the meantime Edward IV. took every step that precaution and a warlike genius dictated to secure himself on the Throne. He summoned a Parliament 4th. November, 1461, which, of course, was subservient to his views, and at once recognised his right and titles to the Crown, and passed an Act of attainder against Henry and Margaret, their Son Prince Edward, and their principal adherents; and organizing the army, he prepared to meet any force which the friends of the deposed Monarch could bring against him.

Lewis, the King of France, was induced to assist Margaret by a promise, similar to that she employed at the Scottish Court. She agreed to deliver up Calais, the last stronghold the English possessed in France, provided his assistance restored her family to the Throne; and obtained, in consequence, about 2000 men at arms, which were landed in Scotland, 1463, and being joined by a numerous body of assured Scottish Borderers, and adherents of the Lord Percy, in Northumberland, she made an irruption into England, 1464, to try once more the chance of Battle. The Castles of Bambrough and Alnwick were quickly recovered; the garrisons were either made prisoners, or joined her standard. But Lord Montague, Brother to the Earl of Warwick, Warden of the Marches, having collected all his disposable force, hastened to crush the invaders before they gathered to a head, and attacked a part of the Queen's army, at Hedgley Moor, under the command of Ralph de Percy, Brother to the Earl of Northumberland, killed at Towton. After a fierce encounter, the forces of Margaret were cut to pieces, and their leader, with many of his followers, left dead on the Field. This Fight took place 25th. April, 1464.

Ralph de Percy, tradition says, had sworn fidelity to Henry VI. and when dying, his last words were, "*I have kept the Bird in my bosom,*" which meant, that he had been faithful to his vow of allegiance. It is also said that the Lords Ross and Hungerford, deserted him in the Battle, and were the cause of the defeat. But this treachery is not probable, as these noblemen were beheaded shortly after at Hexham. After the affair at Hedgley Moor, Queen Margaret assembled her forces at Hexham, where she was attacked by Montague, with an inferior body of troops, 15th. May, 1464, and suffered a total defeat, her surviving adherents dispersed, and many suffered on the scaffold, among the latter were the Duke of Somerset, Lords Ross and Hungerford, Sir Humphrey Neville, and many gentlemen of distinction.

Margaret, after the Battle, fled with her young Son, Prince Ed-

ward, to a neighbouring forest, to escape the pursuit of the enemy, and during the night, fell into the hands of a party of robbers, by whom she was despoiled of her rings and jewels. While they were quarrelling and dividing the booty, she escaped,—but afterwards making herself known to one of the robbers, was, by the man's generosity, protected until she finally escaped into France. In 1470, the great Earl of Warwick, and his Son-in-law the Duke of Clarence, raised the standard of Rebellion, in England. But their project being defeated, they fled to the Court of France, and matured, in conjunction with the indefatigable Margaret, a powerful conspiracy against Edward. In September, Warwick, after eluding the Flemish fleet, landed at Dartmouth, and was soon at the head of a large army. Edward advanced against him, and at Nottingham, the two armies came in sight; but the battle was prevented by the treachery of the Marquis of Montague, Brother to Warwick, holding a command in the King's army. Edward escaped from his mutinous troops, and throwing himself, with a small retinue, on board a Ship, at Lynn, in Norfolk, landed at Alkmaer, in Holland, and left the Lancastrians Masters of the Kingdom.

Henry VI. was thus restored to the Throne to be again deposed. Edward returned to England 25th. March, 1471, and the following month defeated Warwick, at Barnet. Having, as usual, issued orders to give no quarter, a terrible slaughter ensued. Warwick and his Brother Montague was killed, and with them perished the hope of the House of Lancaster. When Queen Margaret received intelligence of the death of Warwick, and the defeat of his army, she took refuge in Beaulieu Abbey, in despair; but being afterward encouraged by many powerful noblemen, once more took the field, and had collected a considerable army when she was overtaken by Edward, at Tewksbury, on the River Severn, and totally defeated, 4th. May, 1471. On the 21st. May, the young Prince Edward, her Son, was murdered, and she herself thrown into the Tower, where in a few days, the unfortunate Henry VI. ex-

pired, but whether he died a natural or violent death is unknown. Common report alleged, that the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. killed him with his own hands.

Such are the most remarkable occurrences which happened in England, according to the best Historians, from the first Battle of St. Alban's, in the year 1455, to the Battle of Bosworth, in 1485, which latter terminated a quarrel, the most fatal that occurs in her History, which, in the words of Hume, “was not finished in less than a course of thirty years, which was signalized by twelve pitched Battles, which opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty, is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost entirely annihilated the ancient nobility of England.”

Many of these events appear, at first sight, rather the dreams of Romance than the narration of Truth: they exhibit the most interesting scenes of military exploit, daring adventure, and human vicissitude, that the warlike age, in which they happened, presents to our notice; and demonstrate too,—if that was necessary, after the experience of the last thirty years of our own time,—that it is dangerous for Sovereigns to outrage public opinion, and dare its controul; that it is ruinous to them to be unmindful of the cultivation of peace, the establishment of law, and security in the state, for the splendour of a Crown and the love of Martial fame; and that the best reward, as well as the chief security of a king, is the love of his people, and the moral influence of their united opinions in his favour. During these wars, there is calculated to have fallen upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand men, a large number, considering the population of England, at that period. During the twenty years of the wars which Britain waged against the Emperor Napoleon, it is said to have cost her half a million of the flower of her population, and one thousand millions of pounds sterling, a sum apparently incredible, were it not borne out by the official documents of the state.

I have been led into these remarks in prefacing the little Ballad of ‘Hedgley Moor,’ rather from the singular incidents connected with the story,—than from any wish to take up time by mentioning facts which are already familiar to every one who has studied the history of his country,—and the opportunity of bringing before the notice of the local reader, a period constituting a remarkable feature in the History of Northumberland, which, at some future time, may engage the pen of the Novelist and Poet, to do justice to events fitter for the page of Romance than the chronicle of History.

The share that the Earls of Northumberland had in these wars I have already mentioned. Edward IV. restored the heir of the de Percies, the only Son of the Earl, slain at the Battle of Towton, to the ancient possessions and titles of his family, and which were confirmed by the usurper, Richard III. who saw the policy of securing so powerful a Baron, not only to back him with his war-like retainers, but to guard the Marches of Scotland. But he is said by tradition to have held back his levies from Richard, previous to the Battle of Bosworth, and mainly contributed, with Sir William Stanley, in replacing the Lancastrian succession on the Throne of England.

Hedgley Moor, the scene of the following Ballad, is crossed by the central Road which leads from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and is about eight miles to the south of Wooler. Percy’s Cross, where Sir Ralph de Percy fell, stands by the road side, and is in tolerable preservation. Perhaps not the least curious occurrence during that period is, that Alnwick, in a few years, changed occupiers four times, being garrisoned alternately, with Lancastrians, Yorkists, Frenchmen, and Scottish Moss-troopers. The family residence of the Earls of Northumberland was generally in Yorkshire:—When in Northumberland, the Chief resided either in garrison at Berwick, Alnwick, or in the Romantic Castle of Warkworth.

BATTLE OF
HEDGLEY MOOR.

April 25th. 1464.

To quell the Royal Margaret's power,
Stout Neville he is boun',
And all by Hedgley on the Moor,
He threw his pallions down.

But soon o'er Hairup's Hill so drear,
Float Percy's pennons gay ;
Gleam Scotland's dreaded Border spear ;
Shout, Gallia's chivalry.

“ ‘Tis Beanley Heights,” Queen Margaret said,
“ You'll keep, my Lord, this day,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set,
We'll give yon folk a fray.”

It's up then spak' false Hungerford,
An ill death may he die,—
“ Give me the Douglas Border spears,
And th' onset I shall gi'e !”

Like Summer sun, by cloud o'ercast,
Lord Percy's visage fell,
He scorn'd the taunt—and fierce in pride,
Rush'd from the vantage hill.

'Tis Brumage streams ran rowing clear,
And glitter'd in the sun ;
But red red was the Brumage stream,
Lang ere that day was done.

No record now in painted hall,
His faith of knighthood keeps,
Nor 'scutcheon in the proud chapell
The fate of valour weeps.
But 'neath the cross on Hedgley Moor,
Sir Ralph de Percy sleeps.

SONG.

AIR,—*Last May a braw Wooer cam' down the Lang Glen.*

HOPE comes with each Season to drive awa' care,
 Then, never, ill luck ! be forebodin' ;
 But thankfu' enjoy what has fa'en to your share !
 And pleasure will dance at your weddin' .

Your weddin', &c.

Yon bright sun that shines on the bonny green hills,
 When clouded, 'tis folly repining ;
 The clouds that fly past are like Life's fleeting ills,
 They prove the delight of his shining !

His shining, &c.

Content is the key-stane of pleasure on earth ;
 And Love's the best flower in the mailin' :
 And Hope's the best maiden to beauty and worth,
 When swains are both faithful and willing.

And willing, &c.

FRAGMENT OF AN OLD SONG.

AIR,—‘*I ha'e a roke an' a wee pickle tow'*

I ha'e a sweetheart that says she lo'es me,
The deil's i' the kimmer for thinkin' o't:
The lass that I buckle, a tocher maun ha'e,
To haud at our bridal a drinkin' ot.

For siller, until her
I'd bing fu' la;
I'd flatter an' daut her,
Gude luck be the fa':

O love is but cauld when the tocher is sma',
It makes the heart merry the clinkin' o't.

A cog o' gude ale and an auld Scottish sang,
And a weel-tocher'd beauty beside ye, O,
Let these be your luck an' ye'er no that far wrang,
Whatever in life should betide ye, O.

O love's like the rose-bud
In simmer sae gay,
You pu' the sweet gem
And its blossoms decay,

But a lump o' gude land winna melt in a day,
Then here's to the lass wi' the gowdie, O.

SONG.

AIR,—‘*Whistle o'er the lave o't.'*

WHEN Life's young dream with flowers was clad,
And Hope, with fairy frolic tread,
O'er Pleasure's field her mazes led!

I lov'd a Highland Laddie.

So true his faith—his heart so free,
Was ne'er his match on hill or lea,
Who vow'd his ardent love to me,

The gallant Highland Laddie.

But loud War's rousing bugles blew!
To love and home he bade adieu,
And to his Prince's battle, flew

The faithful Highland Laddie.

On dark Culloden's bloody heath,
Amang the brave he sleeps in death;
But to my latest, latest breath,

I'll love that Highland Laddie.

SONG.

AIR,—‘*The Yellow-hair’d Laddie.*’

THE gowan and primrose were out on the lea,
 The Mavis had caroll’d her first hymn of joy,
 When down by the Carron’s sweet hawthorn grove,
 I heard a fair Maid, sing the sorrows of love.

“ Rejoice, ye wild birds, on your love-trysted thorn,
 Hope lulls thee to rest and shall wake thee at morn!
 Shall wake thee to pleasure, but wake me to pain,
 From the dream of the days I shall ne’er see again.

“ In vain they entice me with kindness, and say,
 The Summer shall come and chase sorrow away;
 O could they but guess how this heart throbs with
 pain,
 As I sigh for the Lad I shall ne’er see again !”

Sweet Carron ! the wild lark shall sing o’er thy lea,
 And Summer shall bring her gay treasures to thee;
 But never again, in that sweet hawthorn grove,
 Thou’lt hear the fair Maid sing the sorrows of love.

THE EVENING STAR.

IN Life's May morn, when joy is young,
And drinks the heavenly dew of love;
When Hope leads out her fairy throng,
To revel in the grove;
And Gratitude on high aspires,
In Meditation's seraph Car,
How sweet, as Twilight slow retires,
To hail the Evening Star !

Now modest Summer blushing comes,
Surrounded by her followers vain,
The pirate Bee, that fearless roams ;
The gilded insect train ;
The violet pure, the wilding rose ;
The bleating flock that strays afar :
Then, O ! how sweet, at Twilight's close,
To hail the Evening Star !

When proud abundance gaily spreads
Her camp in Autumn's rich domain;
And Mirth, her witching influence sheds
O'er blithe contentment's reign:
To healthful sport, and keen delight,
Returning from the sylvan war,
How lovely on the brow of night
Shines out the Evening Star!

But O! when Winter's tempests break
Resistless from the icy pole,
And Worth and Friendship covert seek,
Where Welcome steers the bowl;
When Mirth and Wit divide the hour,
And Care is left with winds to war;
How sweetly then, on Pleasure's bower,
Beams Evening's genial Star!

SONG.

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY

A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT,

IN AMERICA.

AIR,—‘*The Woodpecker.*’

Now Summer is wean'd from the bosom of Spring !

The wild birds proclaim that their season is o'er ;
The Eagle, loud screaming, is seen on the wing,

And lowing herds seek the cool breeze of the shore :
The hunters' canoe swiftly shoots o'er the tide,

But their song o' delight fills my bosom wi' pain,
It tells of that land,—which I left in my pride,—

Fate whispers, I ne'er shall re-visit again !

When roaming the forest, or plying the oar,
I gaze on the clouds gliding eastward away,—
Perhaps they may flee to my ain native shore,—

And with them wild fancy delighteth to stray !
Though dear is this country, which Nature adorns
With soul-stirring grandeur, and freedom divine,
To the land of my Fathers, Hope ever returns,
And the friends of my youth in the days o' langsyne.

UNTO
His Most Excellent Majesty,
THE KING, IN COUNCIL.

THE
WEAVERS' PETITION,
ON THE CORN LAWS.

O, THOU ! our Faith's defender strong,
Whom Lawty says, can do no wrong ;
Whose name's a tower of strength among
Earth's mighty Lords !
Accept of this our humble song,
In hamely words.

* Our rudeness, Sovereign Liege, forgi'e,
Little we're used to bend the knee,
Or bow the head to Majesty,
In earthly state !
Save him who sways Eternity
And governs fate !

* This honest apology of the British Operatives reminds us of the compliment paid to Fayette by the Americans.

We bow not the head,
We bend not the knee ;
But we offer the heart,
Fayette unto thee.

But want, than which no plea is stronger,
 Has on us set her cruel finger :
 We cannot bide the brattle longer,
 But fairly beat,
 Before thy throne, impelled by hunger,
 Implore our right.

* 'Tis not for us, whose want is bread,
 Lectures on right and wrong to read ;
 Or what state measure will remeед
 The Nation's bank !
 Than ours, far wiser heads maun red
 The ravell'd hank.

† But this, dread Sire ! we understan',
 Freedom's the sacred right o' Man ;
 That Heaven once fram'd a social plan
 Of moral worth,
 And gave it with a bounteous han'
 To all on earth.

• Of all Rebellions, those of the belly are the worst. The first remedy or prevention is to remove, by all possible means, that material cause of sedition of which we speak, which is want and poverty in the estate.—*Bacon.*

† This is the genuine Creed of Magna Charta.

* Knowledge is Power ! when Britain, rude,
 Felt every want, but want of food,
 To drive a prey, or hunt the wood,
 Were her's, and life
 Was passed in savage hardihood,
 And Battle strife.

But, when Improvement's genial Star
 Arose o'er Feudal scenes of War,
 Invention, in her magic car,
 From Heaven came down,
 And man ! from hill and glen afar,
 Built tower and town.

Thus arts increas'd, as Interest charm'd ;
 New lands were till'd and cities swarm'd :
 And Man redeem'd ! by Freedom warm'd
 In heavenly light,
 For Nature's charter boldly arm'd,
 † And forc'd his right.

* Knowledge is Power, is an axiom of Bacon's. It is only true in the political sense.

† See History of England,—*Magna Charta*, was forced from John, and Edward I. and in modern times the expatriation of the Stuarts, and elevation of the Family of Hanover to the British throne ! attest the sacred doctrines of the Constitution of 1688.

* At last Ambition drew his blade
 To rule the world,—vain impious raid!—
 But Europe join'd and broke his trade,
 And crush'd his name;
 Ah then! although we had the lead,
 We lost the Game!

† When British thunder quell'd the seas;
 When Britons clear'd the Frenchmen's leas,
 And made their Marshals skip like fleas,
 From Spain to Paris,
 What was our fa'!—Fame's empty rays!—
 Nae mair would sair us.

‡ Our Time was lost in foreign shews,
 At Russ levees in Prussian hose!
 In cobweb plots and civil rows,
 And courtly daffing:
 While all the Powers were makin' mou'hs
 And at us laughing.

* The Emperor Napoleon frankly acknowledged that his object was universal ascendency, through the humiliation of Britain.—See *O'Meara's Voice from St. Helena*.

† The neglect of the Commercial treaty which we might have formed at this time, is here alluded to.

‡ The alteration of British policy since that period is ascribed to the firmness of his present Majesty; and, in justice to History, to the liberal policy of Mr. Canning and his Coadjutors in the Ministry.

Sire! 'tis our honest leal opinion,
 Tory and Whig should act in union
 To save the state! from debt and ruin!—

Your Holy Allies

Hatch plots, with whilk, nor your dominion,
 Nor Interest tallies.

* Sire! ha'e nae fear of foreign Priests ;—
 The time's gone by of Saints and Ghosts ;—
 Britons reck neither Bulls nor feasts

Of lordly Rome,

But nourish Freedom in their breasts,
 Till crack of doom.

Our Fathers gave yours Britain's throne !

† Haud sicker what by Law's your own ;
 The sacred gift, by Valour won,

Long may ye grace,

Long may the princely Brunswick line
 In honour blaze !

* The security of the present Dynasty being now, under the blessing of Providence, established. The *Great Act*, which will hand down our Sovereign's name with honour to posterity is the emancipation of his Catholic subjects.

† Haud sicker,—Hold with firmness.

* Her fearful day of triumph past,
 France, struck by Britain, licks the dust :
 But, O ! beware, her best blood's crust
 Is on your sword !
 Revenge is sweet—she's no to trust—
 On sacred word !

† Regarding Ireland ! what is meant
 By creeds of Constance ! Nice ! and Trent !
 We little know ; but 'tis in print,
 Faith's rule to guide 'em !
 Screen not the light that Heaven has sent :
 Give them their freedom !

‡ Six Million Freemen's guardian swords
 To jump the scabbard at two words,
 " BE FREE !" is worth a king's regards,
 Who rules for fame !
 Bless'd is the king whom love rewards
 With Father's name.

* Neither France, nor Spain, nor Sicily, nor Belgium, nor America, will ever heartily forgive the occupation of their Capitals during the War, by British Armies ! Canning's glorious Oration on Portuguese affairs proves it.

+ The obnoxious tenet in these Creeds, so alarming to Protestants, is given up by all liberal Catholics.

[†] *Ireland must be Free sooner or later*, because it is her sacred right,—
Quere? ought we not to surrender with grace, what we cannot keep without violation of our honour and safety as a Nation.

O, thou ! who rules this mighty realm,
 * Gar speak the Skipper at the helm ;
 Skeely although he steers, O ! tell him
 To mind the Poor,
 That's stow'd below—ere want o'erwhelm
 Them far from shore.

O ! haste and open safety's hatches
 Once more, for love of heaven to wretches,
 Starv'd and despairing, fed on catches
 From morn to morn !
 Reduc'd to live on Parish hutches,
 † For want of Corn.

‡ Take tent, take tent we humbly pray,
 These import prices will not do ;
 Better the average prices gae
 Down to what's just,
 Then Britain's pride and honour lie
 Low in the dust.

* Gar speak the Skipper—command the Master of the Vessel.

† Not from scarcity of Corn, but from want of money to buy it. Farmers are too often abused by the ignorant, not distinguishing betwixt want of Corn and want of Money. During the two years of the greatest distress remembered for a long period, 1825, 1826, the Average price of Wheat did not exceed 6ls. 8d. per Quarter.

‡ Take tent,—Be on your guard ; exercise concern.

* Our Shipping interest's gone to ruin !
 Our Bankers broken bubbles strewing !
 Our Trade to Foreign hands a-going,
 And what is worst,
 Mischanter black in Ireland's brewing,
 By Party curst.

Let greedy Priests and Landlord's rack us ;
 Let pamper'd City-lobsters mock us ;
 On Poortith's wheel let Fortune break us,
 These ills we'll bear,—
 'Twill break our hearts, if thou forsake us,
 Our Sovereign dear.

Trade fairly balanced a' weel thrives ;
 'Tis not on Credit Labour lives ;
 Employment, honest payment craves,
 Not Parish right ;
 † *A gien bit's gude eneuch, but leaves*
 A moral blight.

* This is rather over-coloured like most Petitions, but the state of the Nation requires our shipping interest to receive every protection and encouragement at present.

† This is a lamentable truth, and must be obvious to all who have any pretensions to sagacity. The Poor Laws have a dreadful tendency to destroy the morals and independence of the people,—meanness and vice are ever inseparable companions of want and idleness.

To reign with glory, Sire ! protect
 Each class that walk thy Vessel's deck ;
 Respect them, and they will respect
 Thy chief command !
 And firm as adamantine rock
 Your throne shall stand.

But Eighty Shillings for a quarter,
 Is neither fair nor honest barter !
 O make it less, or make a Martyr
 Of these Corn Laws !
 And give the gallows, or the garter,
 To whom ye please.

And your Petitioners,
As in duty bound,
Will ever Pray.

POSTSCRIPT.

'Tis done ! hark, round St. Stephen's chair !
 Canning pours out his wit and lair ;
 Spite o' the Lawyer's premunire :
 Hope, speak for me,
 Reform's begun !—the Corn is lower ! *
 And Ireland's free !

* The Average is here meant, being now assumed at 60s. per Quarter for Wheat, and other grain in proportion.

THE

WEAVERS' PETITION.

SINCE the preceding Poem was put to the Press, the great national questions, the ‘Corn Laws,’ and ‘Catholic Emancipation’, have been discussed in the House of Commons. A plan to regulate the price of Corn, in Britain, has been laid before Parliament, by the Ministry, which has yet to go through the House of Peers, and receive his Majesty’s sanction, before it becomes the law of the land. That it may have the effect of giving a fresh impetus to Commerce and Manufactures, is devoutly to be wished. To the Author, who can only reason on the knowledge of those who have visited the Continent, and have made strict inquiry into the cost of rearing grain in Foreign States, it is plain that the assumed valuation of Foreign produce is below prime cost, and must, as a matter of course, be a barrier to the reciprocal benefit which Foreigners expect from the alteration of our Corn Laws, or in plain language, they will neither be ready to take our money nor our goods for their Agricultural produce, at so low a price! That British Agriculture should be protected is admitted on all sides. The serious question is, what is a fair protecting price for British produce? so as neither to impede the progress of our Commerce, nor entice land-owners to sink the capital of the Nation, in cultivating *poor soils*, from the expectation of getting a protected price for what is thus forced from *Poverty!*—My humble opinion is,—That *Free Trade in the Food of Life, being consistent with the decrees of Providence and the general government of Society*, the nearer this nation approximates the ‘Universal Law’ the better. Stripping the British Corn Laws from the mysticism of politics, and the prejudice of self-interest, truth still appears—that their operation has had

a bad effect on the condition of the Country. The safest and surest remedy is, to save the wealth of the Nation, *totally lost* yearly by the forcing of poor soils. To throw that wealth into Foreign Trade to preserve the balance in our favour—to protect and cherish Ships, Colonies, and Commerce, and remove the distress of the People! for if that distress is not removed, the land-owners must be injured—from the want of money to pay for their Corn!! for how can the people get money without employment, and employment is impossible without Manufactures and Commerce.

With regard to the Catholic question! it is lost for the present Session, by a majority of *four!* in the Commons, and, of course, has been abandoned in the upper House. The general impression is, that the violent and most ungrateful conduct of some of the leading Catholics, both in England and Ireland, has led to this failure, which every lover of his Country—every friend to Freedom—every supporter of liberal principle, must deplore. Do the Alarmists of Ireland really think that the British Protestants are to be bullied into concession?—and do they never reflect that their political views have always been a matter of suspicion to the *high church* party of their opponents!—They must be emancipated by public opinion in England, not by threats in Ireland, and common sense might dictate, that in time of general pacification, and while Europe is slowly recovering strength from the murderous conflict of Power,—The war of opinion must be carried on, not by threats and inflammatory harangues, but by the progress of Knowledge—the blessings of Education, and Christian Charity, all which, indeed, *they must acknowledge to be the main pillars of true Religion.*

The conduct of some of the English Catholics, during 1826, while a General Election of Parliament was pending and in operation has been, to say the least of it, ‘impolitic.’ Political inconsistency is never forgiven by the British People, except accompanied by the most satisfactory and heartfelt conviction of the error, which has hitherto misled the mind—neither talent, nor

station, nor popularity, can screen the changeling in politics ! Now what has their policy ended in?—The conduct, I say, of the English Catholics, in supporting ‘*Party favourites*,’ or rather in dividing their friendship betwixt the Court Party and their old friends, the Whigs,—has, as might easily have been foreseen, weakened their ranks in Parliament, and been,—but it is a mere conjecture—the cause of the *Minority*.

But the folly or mistaken zeal of individuals, can never change the nature of the Catholic claims, and that Constitution, in which, they indubitably have a right to participate, as *Freemen, and as such*, must one day enjoy !!—their best security, being loyalty to the Throne, and a constitutional regard and protection to the rights of the Universal British Nation.

SONG.

THE FLOWER OF HOPE.

IN Summer when Hope, from her wild forest grove,
 O'er green waving fields went a voyage of love ;
 By chance a fair maiden found out her sweet bower,
 Which Pleasure had deck'd with a Rose-tree in
 flower.

She gather'd the fairest that bloom'd on the thorn,
 And ran to her lover, his breast to adorn :
 He gave her a kiss for the gem of the grove,
 What could he do less for her offer of love !

The rose-bud of Hope, and the dew-drop of joy,
 Shone bright on her cheek, and stood pure in hereye,
 And the blush of delight, to hersel' maist unknown,
 Awaken'd a sigh, which an angel might own !

And ever sinsyne there's a joy in her smile,
 A sigh in her bosom, so free from all guile,
 A hope in her love-speaking eye, that disclose
 Her heart longs to throb, where she plac'd the
 wild Rose !

FAREWELL! SWEET HOME!

AIR,—‘*A Rose-tree full in bearing.*’

“WHEN on thy slumbers stealing,
I saw a heaving sigh o’ care;
And tears thy grief revealing,
Was on your rosy cheek so fair:
Ah! why let sadness tarry,
Where pleasure now should only be;
Ah! why thus hide your sorrow
From him who is so dear to thee!”

She, on his bosom falling,
Says, “O! it was a blissful scene!
Within my Father’s dwelling,
He elasp’d me to his heart again;
My mother kiss’d her Marion,
And said, from her I ne’er should roam:
Thus joy, my soul o’erpowerin’,
Awoke me from this dream of Home!”

“But, farewell! Caledonie!
A long and last adieu to thee!
Farewell! ye hills sae bonie,
And winsome plains sae dear to me:
Farewell! Forth’s winding river!
My Father and my Mother dear!
Farewell! farewell for ever:
Sweet Home! I’ll never see thee mair!”

CREATION.

A PARAPHRASE OF GENESIS I.

THE bold and sophistical doctrine of the Atheists,—for they cannot with any propriety be called either Moralists or Metaphysicians, that “*Reason cannot demonstrate the existence of a God, apart from the Universe, and that, therefore, the existence of God or a Divinity, is not an object of Knowledge,*” has been confuted by the discoveries of one of the greatest men the world has, as yet, produced—La Place—who concentrating the theories of the Geometricians and Algebraists, of every age and country, has clearly proved that the Universe does not exist from necessity, because it is governed by Laws, exhibiting by their operation *a design* which might have been different. God, therefore, must have existed before he designed the Universe, and Reason dictates, that he must exist apart from that which He, in his infinite wisdom, created. This is a truth requiring no other demonstration. *The existence of God, therefore, is an awful and immutable fact, demonstrated by Reason, independent of Revelation.* But the utmost possible perfection to which the human mind is destined to arrive, can only be a limited knowledge of his works.

AT first 'twas chaos all! and o'er the waste,
Jehovah, God, the Almighty Spirit pass'd:
Fix'd by his will, the appointed time was nigh,
When the vast realm of space should glorify
The power of the Eternal, and the light
Of perfect Wisdom shine for ever bright!

He came ! the voice of Heaven's Almighty Lord,
Creation, slumbering in dark chaos, heard :
" Let Heaven on high arise, and Earth disclose !"
And, lo ! the Earth appear'd, as Heaven arose.
" Let there be light," he said, and there was light,
The glory of his presence, and the night
Fled from before him, and he saw 'twas good,
And Time, the universe, in silence view'd.
But now with herbs and trees the Earth was crown'd,
Ere rain had bless'd, or sun had warm'd the ground ;
When, lo ! the Sun along th' ethereal arch,
To rule the day, began his steady march,
And when in setting glory sunk his light,
The lovely Moon appear'd and rul'd the night ;
Now Oceans' heaving deep, in fear, divides,
And to Earth's new-form'd bulwarks roll the tides,
While the dense clouds confess'd th' electric power,
And blooming Nature drank the genial shower.
Next from the elements, the Almighty King,
Did vital beings to existence bring,
With wond'rous skill each kind receiv'd a frame,
Fowls of the air, and Fish of every naine :
Lo ! all the various varied tribes of Earth
He form'd, and suited to their clime and birth,

And bless'd them ! Heaven, Earth, Ocean's wide
domain

At once rejoic'd in God, and Nature's reign ;
Then last, but chief o'er all this wond'rous plan,
God, after his own image, fashion'd man,
And bless'd him, and Creation in his sight
Was finish'd, and his glory fill'd it,—bright
Roll'd the vast spheres. The system perfect stood,
And God, the Almighty Spirit, saw 'twas good ! *

O, Thou ! the universal God ! above
Our knowledge are thy varied works of love !
Before thy word had form'd us, or had given
Laws to the countless worlds, that move in Heaven,
Glorious and just on Time's eternal throne
Thou reign'd supreme ! Omnipotent, alone !
'Twas for thy glory space a semblance wore,
Thy will hath form'd us, and we know no more—
'Tis thine to rule thy works, ours humbly to adore !

* Part of the above lines are borrowed from the first hymn of the Paraphrases and Translations of Sacred Scripture, used in the Presbyterian Churches.

NOTE

ON THE WEAVERS' PETITION.

THE plain, but loyal and constitutional language which the Author uses in this little Poem, he trusts the reader will not construe as having a disrespectful tendency. Nothing can be farther from the meaning of the verses. Within these few years, knowledge has made such rapid progress, that what would be almost deemed seditious principles twenty years ago, are now held as necessary to be understood by every person who has the smallest pretension to a knowledge of the laws and privileges of his Country. Both the Tories and Whigs have declared that, in the present day, there is a moral energy in public opinion, that laughs to scorn all internal sedition; *and it is by acting on this incontrovertible truth,* Ministers have acquired the general confidence of the Public. The generous sympathy of his Majesty to his people, on the other hand, and the magnificent contributions to their relief, afforded from his own private purse, backed too, with the goodness of heart which he is known to possess, have rendered him so deservedly popular, that the least attempt to introduce disloyal sentiments into any publication, would be scouted as impudent. In British politics, the established Civil and Religious Constitution ought to be the rallying point of every lover of his Country, and no person can be far wrong who, while he is faithful and loyal to his king, is true to the commonwealth, and obedient to the laws established. All reform whatever, whether in the economy of the state, or in concession to parties, can only originate in Parliament. When any party opinion is attempted, out of doors, to influence the rights of the Crown, or intimidate the great Councils of the Nation, public opinion is too well informed not to support the *general interests* of the State. The Irish Catholics have often been libelled by *foreigners*, asserting that, in the event of a fresh war, Ireland would rise against Britain,—nothing can be more absurd. The Irish are naturally brave and loyal,—at the two words, *be free*, as stated in the Poem, the whole of her Catholic population, amounting to Six Millions, would rally round the British Constitution, which would then be their dearest interest *and right* to maintain. No person doubts this who has any knowledge of Ireland and the spirit of her People!

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